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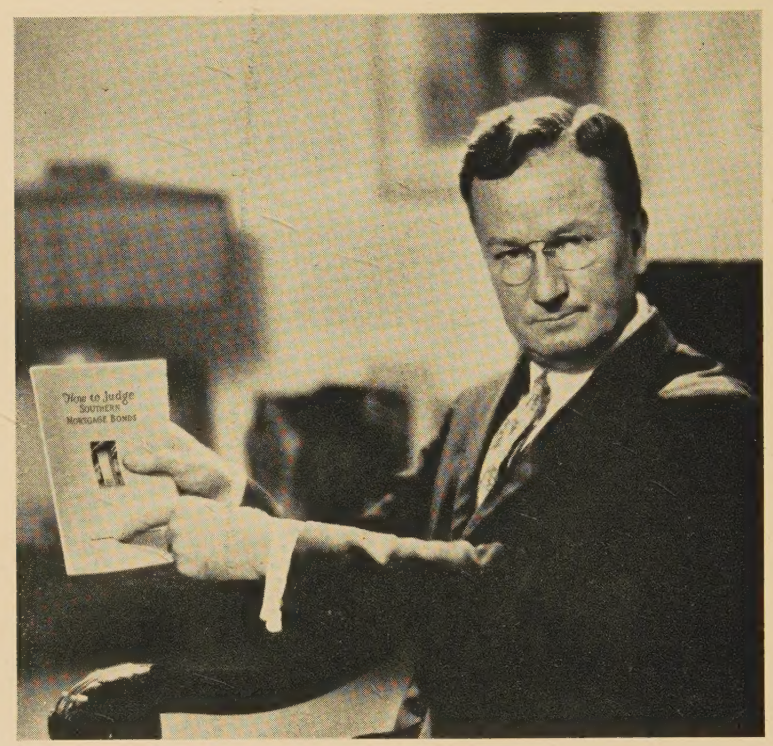

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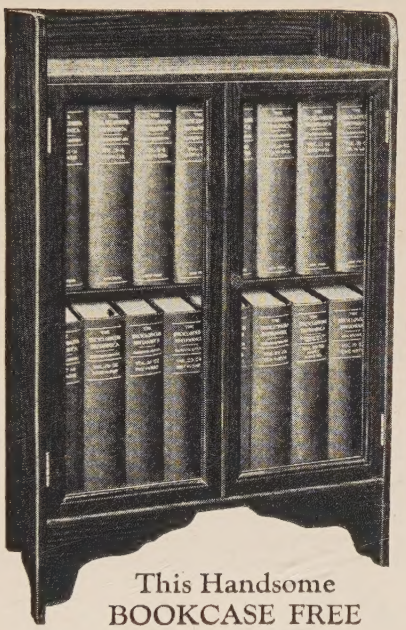

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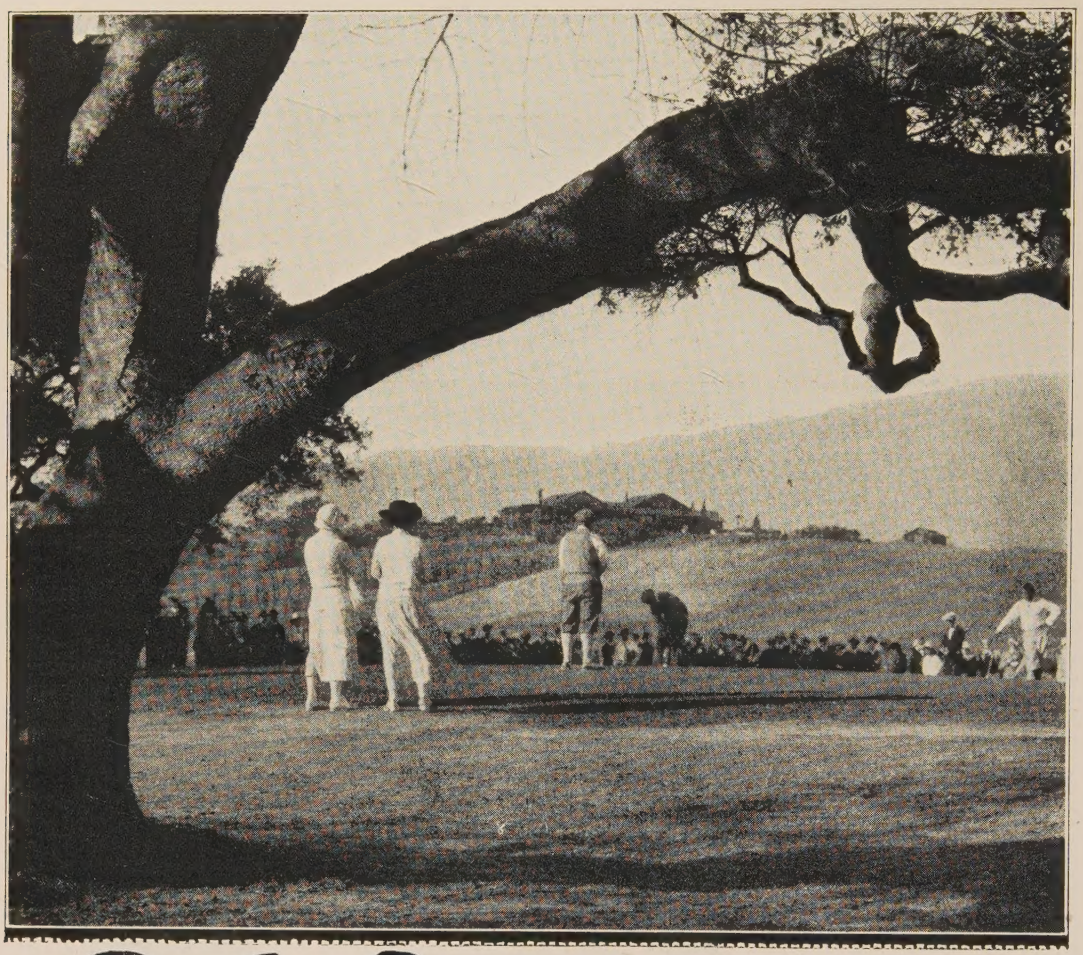

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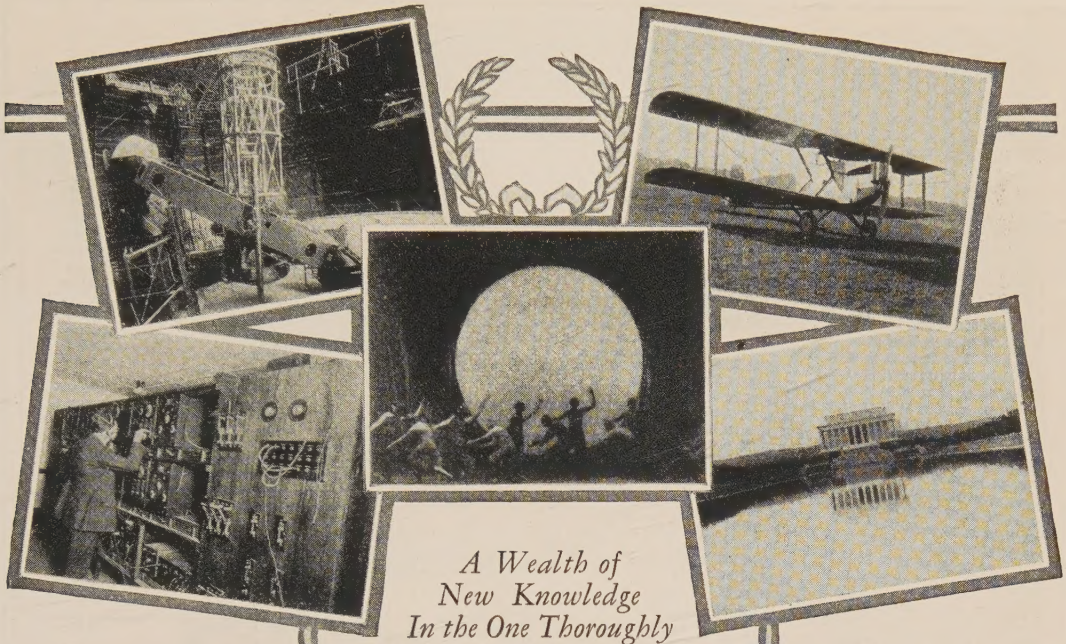

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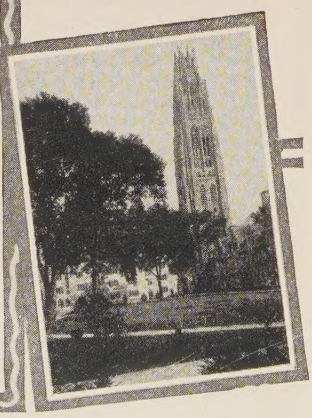

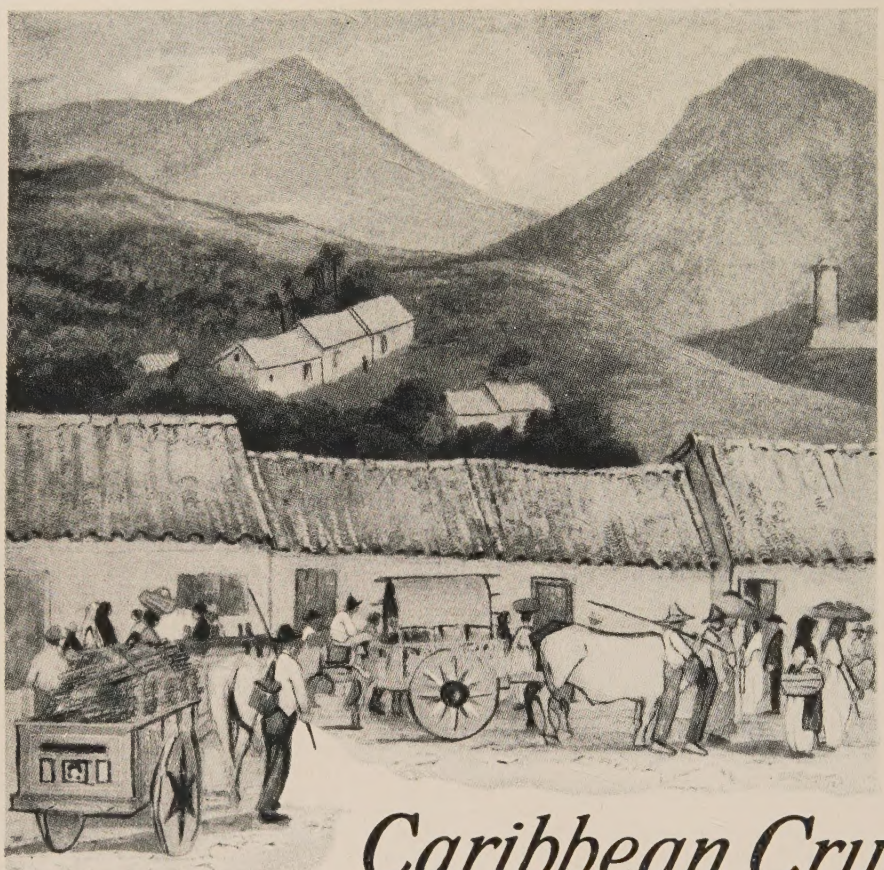

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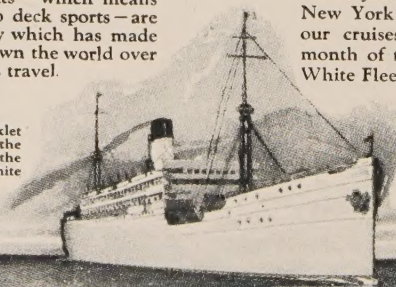

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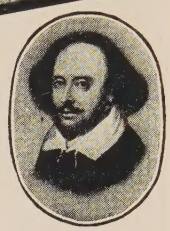

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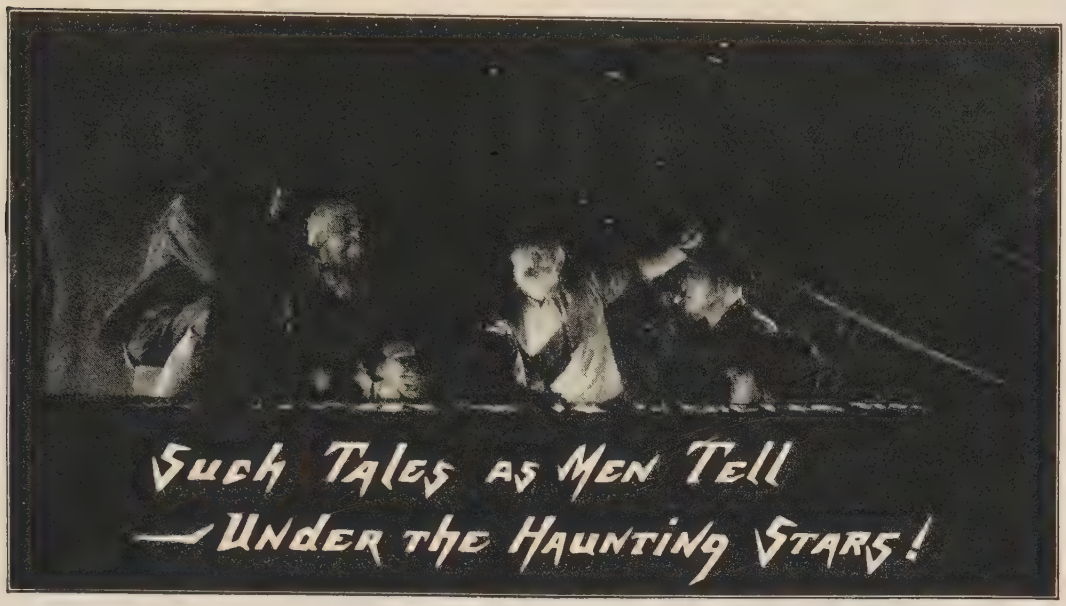

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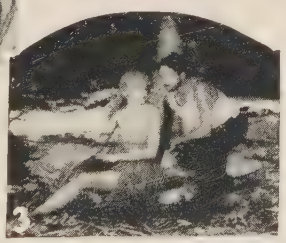

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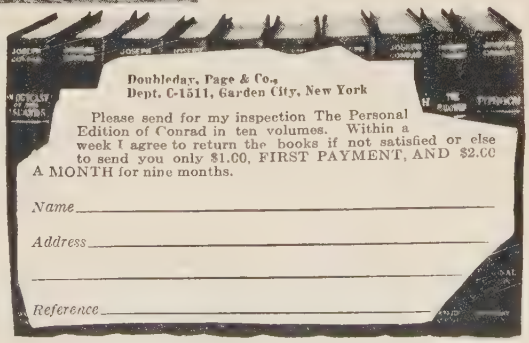

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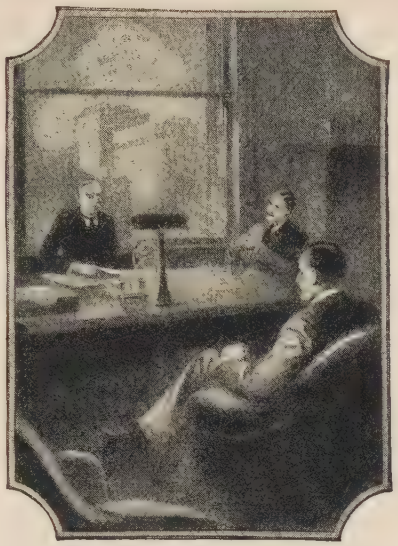

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INFORMATION FILE

NOV 4

DOWN THE ISLANDS

A WINTER TRIP THROUGH THE WEST INDIES
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERRIL SCHELL

A GLIMPSE OF GUADELOUPE

THE *dull, cold northern skies of winter make sun worshipers of most of us—and our minds turn naturally toward the south. Calm seas call us; green islands, tropical vegetation, and white cities call; the romance of the "Spanish Main," the "Antilles," and the "Windward Passage" calls—and strongest and most compelling of all is the call of the warm sunshine.*

TOWN SQUARE, OR CIRCUS, BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

St. Kitts is short for St. Christopher, the name given to it by Columbus. For years it was a favored spot in British colonial life, and was called "The Mother of the British West Indies"

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DOWN THE ISLANDS

A Winter Trip Through the West Indies

By SHERRIL SCHELL

A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

We leave the North Wind behind us and sail down to a summer sea where islands of enchantment stretch in a broken semicircle of stepping-stones from Porto Rico to the coast of South America. These stepping-stones, we are told, are the peaks of a submerged mountain range which eons ago connected North and South America, a chain that outrivaled our own Rockies in loftiness and grandeur of scenery.

Porto Rico is our first landing, and we reach that picturesque island on the third morning.

"It's a stage setting!" exclaims one of our passengers as we glide into the harbor of San Juan. His remark echoes something of our own mood, for, in the early morning light, the scene spread before us is like a painting. On the one side the rainbow panorama of San Juan with its Moorish-looking houses, its grim fortresses, and its domes and towers gleaming against the tropic vegetation; on the other, islands and the beautiful mountains of Porto Rico. It is not until we see the multitude of launches and motor boats nosing their way among the shipping, the automobiles and trolleys rushing along the water front and through the narrow streets, that we realize that we are in the modern world.

A great deal of the fascination of Porto Rico lies in this intermingling of past and present. Take San Juan for example, with its palaces and fortifications which antedated the crudest log cabins and stockades of our New England ancestors. Much of the massive old wall still remains and not a few of the ancient palaces with their prison-like façades, balconies, and grilled

doorways. All of this provides a romantic, Old World background, but the spirit that animates it is that of Young America. In the business section some of the old buildings have been torn down to give room to more modern edifices (happily in the prevalent Spanish style, in spite of their utilitarian features) or have been remodeled throughout with elevators and plate-glass windows the better to display American goods. The natives of San Juan are carried from their suburban homes to their offices by electric street cars of the most modern pattern or are driven luxuriously in motor cars of the latest manufacture.

We are struck by the cleanliness of the streets and the healthy, happy look of the inhabitants. Even the negro cabins are neat and clean to-day, where before they were hardly fit for human habitation. The improved sanitation all over the island has had its effect in a great lowering of the death rate, with the result that Porto Rico is now the healthiest of all the West Indian islands.

We visit the fortresses of San Cristobal and San Sebastian and old Morro, those vast citadels with their mazes of tunnels, galleries, and dungeons; the cathedral which contains the bones of the city's founder, Juan Ponce de Leon; the governor's palace, Casa Blanca; and the great Balleja barracks, capable of housing two thousand soldiers. All interesting historically—but the country calls us. We step into an automobile and are soon spinning over a splendid highway lined with laurel, almond, and royal palms, through fields of sugar cane, bananas, pineapples, and tobacco, with groves of oranges, lemons, and mangoes on each side. Although Porto Rico is only eighty-five miles long and thirty-five miles wide it has almost a thousand miles of fine roads which connect all the important towns and villages, the most famous

FORTRESS OF SAN CRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO
Some of the fortifications of the town date back to the sixteenth century

RESIDENCE OF A PROSPEROUS PORTO RICAN, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

the one we are on now, built by the Spanish chiefly for military purposes. The road, constantly changing from level stretch to steep mountain, affords never-ending vistas of smiling valley and peaceful red-roofed town, of green hill and exotic grove, with glimpses every now and then of the sapphire sea beyond. But the picturesque and motley cavalcade that meets us on the way claims a great deal of our attention also: motor trucks, army wagons, donkeys carrying incredible loads of sugar cane and grass, creaking ox carts, negroes with baskets of fruits and vegetables on their heads, touring cars of all kinds—a continuous stream of vehicular and perambulating incongruities, until we finally roll into the old town of Ponce (poné-thay) at the other end of the island. We have our dinner and then stroll over to the plaza to listen to the band and watch the people. On a corner near the plaza is an imposing drug store with a soda fountain of astounding size and magnificence. This is obviously the great social center of the town, the place where Ponce society meets of an evening, mantilla-crowned señoras who gossip over their nut sundaes, and youngsters who make eyes at each other over their glasses of soda. A generation ago the Porto Rico youth could only court his inamorata by standing for hours, in heat or rain, on the other side of her iron-barred window. To-day he takes her to the big drug store near the plaza, where he treats her to *refrescos Americanos* unabashed by the head waggings of the local Mrs. Grundys. Naturally the old people still cling to the Spanish customs, but they are ready to have their children Americanized.

A STREET IN CHARLOTTE AMALIE, VIRGIN ISLANDS
On the hill is the so-called "Bluebeard's Castle," supposed to have been the domicile of a celebrated buccaneer

VIRGIN ISLANDS Ponce is a town of undeniable charm—pretty houses, beautiful vines and flowers, a delightful place to linger in; but our steamer takes us on our way.

The coast range of Porto Rico is still visible behind us as we approach the Virgin Islands, the next calling place in the journey down the stepping-stones of the Caribbean.

The town of Charlotte Amalie, the port of St. Thomas, rises on its three hills above the rim of the sea, its white houses embowered in tropic gardens rising tier on tier like seats in an amphitheater. Field and opera glasses are focused on two towers crowning the high hills above the town, Blackbeard's and Bluebeard's castles. At last we are in the real pirate's domain, the romantic country of our youthful dreams! These castles, the legends tell us, were once the strongholds of two intrepid buccaneers whose very names in those spacious, colorful days struck terror to the boldest heart, and whose deeds, set down so entrancingly in the story books, will ever thrill mankind.

It is difficult, however, to reconcile the peaceful scene spread before us with tales of bloodshed and derring-do. Charlotte Amalie is a sleepy old town, and its inhabitants, mostly negroes, the most gentle and courteous people imaginable. We walk along the main street, the Kronprindsens Gade—the streets still bear their Danish cognomens—and are saluted by black men and women whose soft voices and deferential manner recall the South of "befo' de wah" days. The hurricane shutters of the shops are wide open, displaying the native products, basket work, "Panama" hats, beads of coral and seed, and huge bottles of bay rum made from the bay tree grown in the neighboring island of St. John—all at prices far from piratical.

Sugar was once the principal industry of the Virgin Islands; now bay

rum, intermingled with the scent of tropic blooms, is ever present in Charlotte Amalie. Said a facetious member of our party as we stepped ashore, and the heavy scent assailed our nostrils: "Someone must have wrecked a barber shop!" Every variety of exotic plant seems to grow here; in fact, to run riot. Every red-roofed house nestles in a jungle of flamboyant bloom; every street and alley is lined with palms, red and purple bougainvillea, or lime and orange trees. Little black boys offer us great bunches of rare flowers for a quarter that we could not duplicate in New York for ten dollars. Strange and delicious fruits, seldom if ever seen in the North, like the sugar apple, *sapodilla*, and shaddock fill great baskets in the market place, and the *avocado*, or alligator pear, is so common and so cheap as almost to be despised.

A HEAD-FULL OF PRODUCE
All West Indian negresses carry heavy loads on their heads, which accounts for their graceful carriage

A BARBADIAN BOATMAN
A type of the good-natured boatman that rows one ashore and back to the ship

A sail of a few hours brings us to Saint Croix, the largest of the trinity of Virgin Islands, and its seventy-four square miles of soil the most fertile. It is an enchanting green isle of waving palms and sugar cane that cover valley and hill with a velvet carpet. Against this luscious background lies Fredericksted, a long, graceful line of white buildings close to the water. The massive doorways and arcades give an Old World air to the town, more suggestive of Spain than of Denmark. The dazzling glare of the houses and coral roads make smoked glasses as much a necessity here as in Bermuda.

We drive into the green countryside, along stretches of orange and banana groves, pineapple fields, through stately avenues of royal palm and mahogany. We pass the great sugar

VIEW OF BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

Basse-Terre was completely destroyed in 1867 and has been rebuilt in a greatly improved style

plantations, patches of brown where they have just been planted, a fresh, tender green where they are bearing. The names of these estates are as varied as they are amusing: "Whim," "Slob," "Work and Rest," "Hope and Blessing," and "Bethlehem," the last-named having the largest sugar mill in the Virgin Islands. We catch glimpses of many quaint old windmills that once ground the cane before modern methods were introduced, antiquated treadmills, and slave-house villages, some of them still occupied by laborers.

A warning whistle from the harbor makes us hasten to the wharf, where the laughing negro boys of Fredericksted are waiting to carry us back to our ship. The setting sun bathes the sea in crimson dye as we glide toward the steamer, and the mountains of St. Croix take on a purple hue. The lights of Fredericksted twinkle good-by. Early the next morning we are in St. Kitts, our first stop in the Leeward Islands.

ST. KITTS AND NEVIS

St. Kitts was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. He called it St. Christopher, because, so the story goes, he saw in its configuration a resemblance to that of the saint carrying the Christ. St. Kitts furnished the stage on which a century-long war for the sugar lands was fought out between France and England. In 1782 the French laid siege to St. Kitts and captured it. The island, called "The Mother of the British West Indies," as it was the first of the Lesser Antilles settled by the British, was finally restored to England by the Treaty of Versailles in 1783, at the time that the independence of the American Colonies was recognized.

We drop anchor off Basse-Terre, a town of some eight or nine thousand inhabitants. It straggles along the shore under the shadow of a volcano,

Mt. Misery. Brimstone Hill, the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," which played an important part in the struggle between the French and English for the control of the Caribbean, stands alone among the surrounding cane fields. Wild monkeys, descendants of those pets brought over by British soldiers and sailors a hundred and more years ago, scramble over its heights that once shook with the reverberation of cannon.

Certainly with Basse-Terre it is a case of "distance lends enchantment." The town is shabby and down at the heels; most of its black population, ragged of garb, live in lop-sided hovels in a state of abject poverty. "Give me penny!" is the constant cry of black "Kittefonians," as the inhabitants of St. Kitts are called.

St. Kitts' sister island, Nevis, is only a few hours away from Basse-Terre by native sloop. It is chiefly interesting to us for its memories of Alexander Hamilton and Nelson. The house where Hamilton was born still stands in Charlestown, the capital. Here also in the Old Fif Tree Church the entry of Nelson's marriage to Mrs. Nisbit is preserved, and the ruins of Montpelier where the ceremony was performed are still pointed out.

ANTIGUA The lofty mountains of St. Kitts and Nevis fade slowly into the distance, and after a forty-mile run we find ourselves off Antigua, the seat of government of the Leeward Islands. St. Johns is

A STREET IN ST. JOHNS, ANTIGUA

The towers of the Anglican Cathedral rise high over the roofs of the town and can be seen many miles out at sea. The interior of the church is made of wood as a precaution against damage by earthquake

beautifully placed at the head of its harbor, the twin towers of its imposing cathedral soaring above the houses and trees that cluster round it. The cathedral, erected as late as the middle of the last century, has the time-stained, mellow appearance of a much older edifice. It is really two churches, the stone structure enclosing one of wood as a protection against earthquakes. Years ago, during a severe quake, the old church tumbled down while a wedding was in progress. It was noticed that the stones fell inward, so it was decided to make the new structure of wood and surround it with a shell of masonry. The efficacy of this ingenious idea has not yet been put to any great test, but the natives of Antigua have every confidence in it. We drive over a pretty road to English Harbor to see the historic naval dockyard where Nelson refitted his fleet in preparation for the battle of Trafalgar. The massive buildings that once served as soldiers' and seamen's barracks are now deserted except for caretakers, and an air of melancholy seems to pervade the place.

To the southwest of Antigua we see Montserrat, sometimes called the "Emerald Isle of the West," its mountains towering above the blue Caribbean.

This tidy little island of thirty-two square miles is one of the cluster of West Indian island gems "collected" by Christopher Columbus. He discovered it in 1493, and England colonized it in 1632. As it is triangular in shape and thrusts its peaks up three thousand feet high, it might be appropriately classed as a diamond in the "collection." Though picturesque in its features, it has no special interest, historic or scenic, to hold a traveler

STREET IN FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE

MT. PELÉE, MARTINIQUE — The volcano that destroyed the town of Saint-Pierre in 1902, with its 30,000 inhabitants—all within the space of a few minutes. Saint-Pierre has never been rebuilt, its site being a grim, tragic scene of ruins overgrown with vegetation

there, so we sail on the next day to the Gallic isle of Guadeloupe.

GUADELOUPE Here in Guadeloupe, as later in Martinique, we have a bit of France transported to Caribbean water. Everything is French, names of towns, mountains, bays, and rivers. Of the two islands to which the name of Guadeloupe is given, the mountainous island to the east is Guadeloupe proper, while the other is known as Grande-Terre, and the two are separated by the Rivière Salée. The two principal towns are Basse-Terre and Pointe-à-Pitre. The great volcano is called the Soufrière, which means a sulphur mine. Happily for the inhabitants of Guadeloupe, the Soufrière has been better behaved than Mont Pelée of Martinique.

Yet, though practically nothing of the Spanish civilization remains in Guadeloupe, Columbus, flying the flag of Spain, discovered it in 1493, and, long before the French came, it was under Spanish domination. Columbus, needing slaves for his ships, found evidence of cannibalism among the natives of Guadeloupe. Queen Isabella had ordered that the ordinary Indians of the islands should be left alone, but permitted the explorer to do what he pleased with cannibals. So Columbus pronounced the natives cannibals and proceeded to fill his ships. But the Caribs proved unexpectedly formidable in their objection to the plan.

DOMINICA Twenty-five miles south of Guadeloupe lies Dominica, a beautiful island and one of the most interesting in the world. It is the highest peak of the Lesser Antilles, its mountain, Morne Diablotin, stretching over five thousand feet into the tropic sky. William Palgrave, the writer and traveler, has said of Dominica: "In the wild grandeur of its mountains, in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests,

SCHOOLHOUSE IN CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

in the gorgeousness of its vegetation, the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival, not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined."

There are said to be 365 rivers in the island, or one for every day in the year. These streams, teeming with fish, flow down the mountains and form lovely cascades and waterfalls on their journey to the sea. Dominica has the richest soil of all the fertile West Indies group. It would be hard to conceive of more luxuriant or more varied vegetation than that which covers its valleys, tablelands, and hills. Outside the towns there is no suggestion of a clearing anywhere. Every inch of soil is productive of cocoa, coffee, rubber, limes, oranges, and spices. Nearly every tropic tree and plant that one can think of may be seen in the Botanic Garden of Roseau, the capital, often thriving better there than in their own habitat.

The struggle for the sugar lands between France and England came to an end with the great fight off the rugged coast of this island, where in 1782 Rodney sank the French fleet, composed of those frigates that had sailed up the York River the year before and made our victory at Yorktown possible.

We have just time enough to take a motor-boat trip to Marigot, where the last pure-blooded remnants of the vanishing Caribs still live. There are about fifty of these aborigines in Dominica, a peaceful little community that spends its time fishing or making baskets. For many generations a similar tribe lived in the island of St. Vincent, but the eruption of the volcano destroyed the colony, leaving not a single survivor.

MARTINIQUE AND ST. LUCIA

Volcanic tragedy brings Martinique vividly to mind—and that historic island is the next one that we touch.

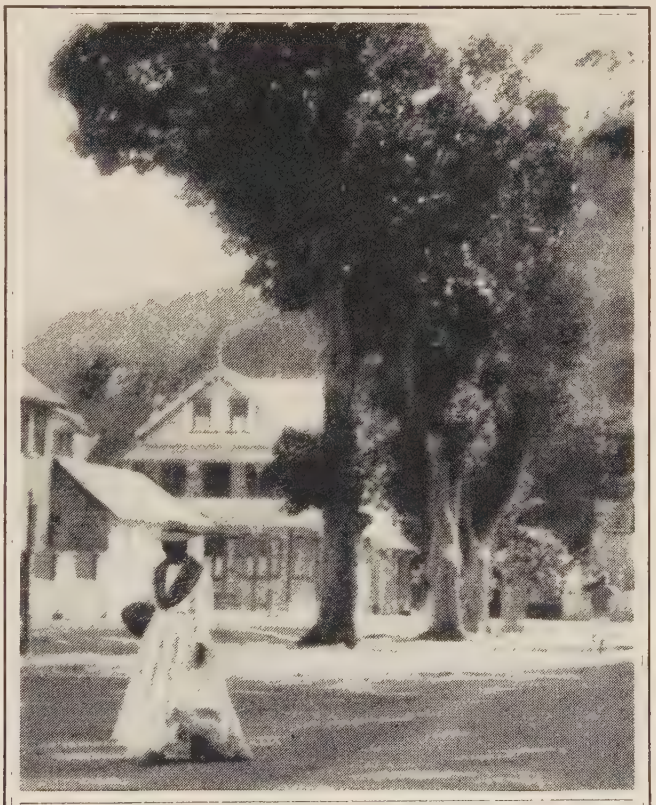
Everyone landing in Fort de France goes first to gaze upon the statue of Empress Josephine, Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. It stands in the *savane*, or public square. It is carved from pure white marble and has

been pronounced the loveliest creation of its kind in the West Indies. Lafcadio Hearn spent two years in Martinique, and paid glowing tribute to the marble memory of Josephine. "It seemed to me absolutely lovely. Such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence. . . . When you look up into the sweet creole face you can believe that she lives; all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there."

With the dawn of the present century Martinique had been long slumbering in happy peace. The buccaneers had passed from memory. The sight of a man-of-war flying an alien flag no longer caused disquietude. In the streets of Saint-Pierre the creole negresses went about attired in the quaint costumes of Josephine's time. The city was one of the most attractive in the West Indies. There was a fine cathedral and bishop's residence, a splendid theater, the best hotels in the island, and stores Parisian in excellence. The hills sent down their cleansing streams. The botanical gardens were a tropical paradise. Saint-Pierre was the fine flower of the island; there gathered the cream of Martinique's culture and wealth. Hearn compared it to the French quarter of New Orleans. To-day only a few stones remain to recall that happy period. The city had been laughing in the shadow of an enemy more sinister than any of its enemies of old. Grim old Mont Pelée had been grumbling, but few heeded the warning.

Then, on May 8, 1902, came blasting destruction. The mountain opened, and scalding steam, stifling gas, and liquid fire burst forth. The boiling, blazing mass fell upon the doomed city, upon the vessels in the harbor, even upon ships far out at sea. When dawn broke that May morning there were about 30,000 people in Saint-Pierre. At noon there was but one living person in the desolated city; he was a negro prisoner confined in a subterranean dungeon.

One never loses sight of land on a cruise through



STREET IN CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA
The woman in the foreground is wearing the costume of a hundred years ago

HARBOR OF CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

Castries Harbor is one of the most beautiful in the West Indies. It enjoys the advantage over most others of having modern wharves, so that steamers are able to come alongside and discharge cargo and passengers without the aid of boats

the Lesser Antilles. When one beautiful island is left behind, another appears before us to the right or left or straight ahead. Soon after we leave Martinique all eyes are directed toward a huge, precipitous rock thrusting itself abruptly from the sea. This is the historic Diamond Rock. Here, during the war with France in the beginning of the nineteenth century, 120 boys under Lieutenant Maurice remained for a year and a half defying the French ships, shelling every vessel that came near enough and resisting all efforts to dislodge them. Only when they were on the point of starvation and their powder was exhausted did they surrender to the French squadron. The rock has been entered in the official lists of the British Admiralty as "H. M. S. Diamond Rock, in honor of the brave defeat—the only rock in the world that has ever become a battleship."

Before Martinique is quite lost in the clouds that cling to her summits the curious irregular mountain line of St. Lucia shows itself on the rim of the sea. St. Lucia is the only island of the Lesser Antilles where the steamer discharges its passengers at the wharf. Castries, our port and the capital of the island, sits peacefully on the edge of what once was a volcano crater, with extinct volcanoes surrounding her on every side. Not many miles away, however, is an active crater, the Soufrière, famed for the curative powers of its hot mineral waters. Near by in the same district are the Pitons, two great cone-shaped peaks that ascend straight up from the sea to a height of nearly three thousand feet. St. Lucia was once infested with that deadly

WOMEN LABORERS

A sugar plantation, St. Kitts. Men laborers are paid a shilling a day—women, ten pence

serpent, the *fer-de-lance*, which sometimes reached the length of seven feet. This snake, together with a constrictor eleven feet in length when full grown, has practically been exterminated.

Castries is a pleasant place in which to while away a few hours. The streets are clean and the houses with their quaint overhanging balconies attractive to the eye. The town is an important coaling station. Here, as in Japan, the women load the ships, carrying heavy baskets of coal on their heads, chattering and singing hymns and old chanties as they run up the gangway to discharge it.

BARBADOS The island of Barbados seems very flat and uninteresting after the loftiness and luxuriance of the other islands we have visited. It is nearly all of coral and limestone formation, with the exception of one part that is a result of different eruptions from the volcano in St. Vincent, whose ashes, carried a distance of a hundred miles, have repeatedly fallen here. The last shower of ashes from Mount St. Vincent took place about twenty years ago.

LOADING SUGAR CANE, BARBADOS

AN OLD SUGAR MILL IN BARBADOS
The old windmills of the island lend the quaint aspect to the landscape reminiscent of Holland

Barbados has an area of only one hundred and sixty-six square miles, upon which some 160,000 people have to be supported, making it the most densely populated country on the globe, with the possible exception of some districts in China. The struggle for existence is tremendous. The native has had to fight hard for his living, and this has developed within him an energy and initiative lacking in his black brothers on the other islands.

Our ship has hardly come to a stop when it is surrounded by a flotilla of rowboats manned by shouting crews of black Barbadians. Pandemonium reigns as the passengers descend from the ship.

Bridgetown with its 30,000 population is a bustling metropolis. The streets are crowded with people—white, yellow, and black—donkeys, automobiles, ox carts, and curious mule-driven street cars that seem like survivals from American towns of fifty years ago.

Every good American visits one house in Bridgetown: Washington's residence. In 1751 the Father of Our Country accompanied his brother, Lawrence, to Barbados, hoping that the soft climate would cure him. From his diary we find that he had some difficulty in finding lodgings, until "We pitched on the house of Captain Crofton, commander of James' Fort. It is very pleasantly situated near the sea and about a mile from the town. The prospect is extensive by land and pleasant by sea, as we command a view of Carlyle bay and the shipping."

Unfortunately Lawrence received no benefit from his sojourn here and George fell ill with smallpox that marked him for life.

Although the glaring coral roads of Barbados are trying to the eyes, their

smoothness makes them a delight to ride on. There are many delightful and interesting spots to visit in the country: fine bathing beaches, charming old gardens, and great sugar estates with picturesque old windmills used for grinding the cane. There are no lakes or rivers in the island except those that flow underground, but from these a sufficient supply of water is furnished by means of pipes that carry it to all the towns.

TRINIDAD Trinidad, the West Indian island nearest to the coast of South America, and by reason of its location a port of call for the great steamers plying between Brazil and the Argentine and the North American cities, presents in its inhabitants a strange cosmopolitan aspect. Turbaned Hindoos are conspicuous at the landing. The island is said to have a greater diversity of population than any inhabited land of equal area in America.

There are vestiges of the aborigines whom Columbus found when he landed here on his third voyage to America in 1498. Then came the Spaniards, then the French, and then the English. From the mainland migrated many Venezuelans, a curious mixture of negro, Indian, and Spanish. Of course the negro had been added by the inevitable recruiting from the slave marts of Africa. Finally, in the last century, problems of labor brought Portuguese, Italians, Chinese, and the picturesque East Indian coolies. These coolies now constitute nearly a third of the entire population.

A local historian has truthfully called it "a land of wonders." Its forest-covered hills offer a blaze of color. It is the happy hunting ground of the naturalist. "We have," says its historian, "lakes of pitch, streams of tar,

RAPID TRANSIT IN BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

oysters growing on trees, an animal resembling a fish that produces its young alive, crabs that climb and feed in fruit trees, another fish that entertains us with a concert, and, lastly, one kind that is clad in a complete suit of armor."

All of which is literally true. With the high tide the oysters attached themselves to the mangroves and remained there when the waters receded. The soldier crab is said to climb trees with ease. The trumpet fish gives forth a resonant sound. The armor-clad fish is the cascadura.

CURAÇAO Even more intensely than Guadeloupe and Martinique are French, than the various possessions of the British Empire spotting the Caribbean are English, the island of Curaçao, lying some forty miles off the Venezuelan coast, is Dutch. Were it not for the blazing sunshine the town of Wilhelmstadt, Curaçao's capital, with its yellow stone walls, brick courtyards, and red tiled roofs, might well be a town on the Zuyder Zee.

Passing between two forts, Fort Riff and Fort Amsterdam, we enter what is held to be the safest and most securely landlocked harbor in the West Indies. To the right is the town proper. It is cut in two by a canal crossed by an arched bridge. The canal is obviously artificial, and to the eye of the visitor the need of it is not perceptible. Perhaps the main reason for putting it there was the desire to make the good Dutch colonists feel at home.

MARKET PLACE IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

As the great ship works its way into the harbor, the pontoon bridge being opened to make the necessary gap, and approaches the dock, the native band drawn up on the wharf blares forth its welcome. Yes, certainly, the message that the strains convey is that there is a dearth of a certain fruit of tropical origin! The lack of

WHARF AT PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

TYPICAL NATIVE SETTLEMENT ON A COUNTRY ROAD, TRINIDAD

bananas; that is the burden of our musical greeting, and that is the burden of our musical farewell—sung and played here in the Caribbean, as we have heard it almost daily for months past in our home towns up north.

In the old days, when South American revolutions were more frequent than they are now, Curaçao was, by reason of its proximity to the mainland, a favorite resort of the Venezuelan revolutionists after an unsuccessful uprising. Here they came in great numbers to save their heads and their funds, to remain until assurance was given that their political sins had been forgiven or forgotten.

A clergyman of the Church of England whom I met by chance in Trinidad was most eloquent on the subject of life in the West Indies. He had left England when very young, and for forty years had been in service in the various islands belonging to the British Crown. There had been a time long before when there had been occasional twinges of homesickness, days when he yearned for the English fog and the grayness of the English winter. For months he had looked forward to the day that was to begin his brief vacation at home. But he had not been in England a week before he heard the voice of the tropics calling him back. He returned, and after that he had been content—always content with the sunshine and the kindlier, simpler life of the Caribbean islands.

At Trinidad and Curaçao we are close to the shore of South America—a land that we have reserved for a special visit later on, so we turn our way north again, and in the course of days—all too few and too short—we leave the soft air and gentle waters of the Caribbean behind us, and our trip has gone like a dream.

LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE SPECIALLY FOR
THE MENTOR BY SHERRIL SCHELL

OLD DOORWAY IN PONCE, PORTO RICO

Ponce has many picturesque old houses that date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A glimpse through the doorway discloses the patio, the open-air living-room of the Porto Rican family

PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

There has been a great deal written about the buccaneers of the West Indies, but the original source of it all is the book of the Dutchman Esquemeling, who was himself a pirate and participated in the bloody deeds that he describes. The only virtues of the pirates were a furious fighting ability and adherence to their agreements about the division of the spoils. Esquemeling claimed that one pirate in action was equal to two soldiers of the line. They were trained for the particular kind of warfare they practiced, and, neither giving nor asking quarter, they went into battle with the sole idea of selling their lives as dearly as possible. When they captured a city they sacked it and subjected the inhabitants to the most inhuman tortures to make them tell the whereabouts of hidden treasures. At times the spoils divided were great, but, living as he did in the hour, the most affluent pirate soon found himself penniless and obliged to embark upon some new adventure to replenish his purse.

A PORTO RICAN BOY

Porto Rican boys are like their American brothers in many ways. They take the keenest interest in baseball, football, tennis, hockey, and other outdoor sports

A curious legend of romance has grown up about the old pirates of the Spanish Main. As a matter of fact, they were no more romantic than the London Hooligan of to-day, or the Paris apache, or the gunman of New York's East Side. Most of the buccaneers were the scum of the earth of their day. They were bloodthirsty scoundrels, and the only word that can be said in extenuation of their foul deeds is that many of them had suffered cruel injustices before turning to piracy. L'Olonnais, one of the most savage of them all, had been kidnaped into slavery, and had been forced to work under the lash. Some of the English pirates were victims of the Monmouth Rebellion of 1685. The infamous judge Jeffreys sentenced hundreds of the defeated rebels to death, and hundreds more to be sold into slavery in the West Indies. To-day, on the north side of the island of Barbados, there is a colony that lives apart, having nothing to do with the other inhabitants of the island. They are known as "white niggers" and are the direct descendants of those unfortunates of the west of England who were involved in the Duke of Monmouth's uprising and were deported as slaves in the seventeenth century. The law that eventually freed them came too late. They had sunk into a degeneracy from which neither they nor their descendants ever recovered.

What are the novels and short stories that should be taken along as companions for this West Indian trip? There is such a wealth of choice that only a brief survey of the field is feasible. The island De Foe had in mind in laying the scene for "Robinson Crusoe" was Tobago, northwest of Trinidad, and a few miles from Tobago was the real Treasure Island of Stevenson's famous story. Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" described Panama and Cartagena in the days of the buccaneers. Victor Hugo's "Bug Jargal" was a tale of

Haiti in the days of the insurrection of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Turning to modern writers: Honduras was the scene of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings" and Richard Harding Davis' "Captain Macklin." The real Olancho of Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" was said to be Santiago de Cuba. Havana as it was in the days of Spanish occupation, and as it is since Cuban independence, has been pictured by Joseph Hergesheimer in "The Bright Shawl" and "Cytherea" respectively. Joseph Conrad's "Romance" is a tale of Jamaica, and Sabatini's "Captain Blood" treats of Jamaica, Barbados, Tortuga, and Cartagena. Gertrude Atherton's "The Gorgeous Isle" and "The Conqueror" are stories of the island of Nevis.

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In these lands under the Southern Cross there may be currents of discontent, but these are beneath the surface. To the eye it is all a life of the lotus eaters, with no voice shrill save the voice of the seller of lottery tickets. Somehow it does not seem quite right. There has always been in the United States the impression that in these republics a revolution was a daily occurrence, and that the governments changed at least twice a week. Perhaps the idea has been due to the American spirit of riotous exaggeration. Perhaps the inhabitants declare a closed season on revolutions in the months when North American tourists visit. A revolution might interfere with the sale of souvenirs, which, with the sale of lottery tickets, is the perceptible industry. But if conspiracies are hatching they are kept carefully out of sight. Another impression, perhaps also erroneous, is that in the standing armies of these little republics the proportion is six gorgeously attired generals to one barefooted private. The private is in evidence, but what has become of the generals?

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Visiting these islands on a jaunting trip—wandering through luxurious tropical vegetation, and gazing upon monuments that recall the turbulence and strife of former centuries, and then, with nightfall, returning to the ship and the cabin that, in the course of the weeks, has become a temporary home—is thoroughly delightful. But inevitably the question arises: Would we like to live permanently in any of these islands, severing home ties, and adapting ourselves to the new environment? If so, which islands would we choose, and why?

The American could settle in the Ber-

MARKET SCENE IN ST. KITTS

West Indian markets are always most interesting to the tourist for the crowds of chattering negroes that assemble there every morning to traffic with each other and gossip over the events of the day

mudas or on the island of New Providence and enjoy much the same companionship that he has had at home. These spots have become at least partially Americanized. People there talk more in the dollars and cents of the States than in the official pounds, shillings, and pence. In Hamilton and Nassau the American coast line seems very near, and the ports of England very far. Added to that, English and American residents are closer together in habits and sympathies than anywhere else in the world. Each seems to have learned a certain tolerance from the other. In fact, throughout the West Indies there is the spirit of a fine Golden Rule which says: "Think as you please, act as you please, wear what you please; so long as what you do works us no harm and does not interfere with our own mode of living, it is none of our business."

A modified American phase of life with a thoroughly American social environment might be had in Havana and particularly in its suburb Marianao, though of course a residence in any of the smaller towns of Cuba would mean adopting Spanish customs and acquiring some knowledge of the Spanish language. In Porto Rico it would be a mere matter of adopting the clothes made necessary by the climate, otherwise the American there is as much at home as in Florida. Haiti, as the republic where black rules white, would have its drawbacks, but in Trinidad or Barbados, with a certain knowledge of French in Martinique, life would probably prove very comfortable indeed, provided Mont Pelée did not threaten to repeat its grim performance of twenty-odd years ago. In Curacao one can find all the flavor of Holland, with the addition of a sunshine that is rare in Amsterdam or Rotterdam or beside the Zuyder Zee.

Everywhere it is a life that on the surface at least seems care-free. The bitter struggle for existence is not in evidence. Extreme poverty must exist, but it is not the miserable, squalid poverty that we see in the cold cities of the North. Europeans and North Americans resident in these islands will laughingly refute the visitor's suggestion that they do no work, or very little work, and will refer to the statistics of import and export, and point to the well-kept streets and the fine houses. "Nature did not provide these," they say; "the main difference is that we do not make an ostentatious display of work as you do back in the States. Also, our work is near at hand. We do not spend long hours going to it in the morning and coming away from it at night. Nor is it laziness that keeps us idle in the heat of the noonday—merely discretion."

TRINIDAD MARKET WOMAN

The Trinidad market woman still clings to her picturesque turban. On Sunday mornings, however, she blossoms forth with more modern headgear

One thing that is likely to impress the American visitor everywhere in these islands is the absence of anything like a race problem. Many years ago the aftermath of slavery was terrible in its aspects. Haiti and San Domingo were drenched with the blood of slaughtered whites, who paid the penalty of previous harshness. To-day white and black live side by side in amity. White domination in Jamaica, for instance, does not seem to be threatened in the least, and yet the proportion of population is sixty negroes to one white. In Cuba whites and blacks sometimes share the same roof. In the Cuban cavalry white man and black man ride stirrup to stirrup. Nor is it merely a mingling of

A STREET IN CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

The streets of the town are clean and well cared for. It used to be said during the Danish régime that visitors who imbibed and were disorderly were compelled to expiate their offense by sweeping the streets the morning after

ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN ANTIGUA

Burros provide the chief means of locomotion for the natives of Antigua

white and black, or of those sprung from a fusion of the two races. What a mingling of races is to be found in Trinidad! Here are Venezuelans of Indian origin, Chinese coolies, and, most impressive of all, gorgeously turbaned natives of the East Indies. An American, deciding to make his home somewhere in the groups of West Indian Islands, has a delightfully wide range of choice in living conditions.

VIEW OF FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE STEAMER

Fort de France, formerly Fort Royal, is the capital and chief commercial town of Martinique

MAIN STREET, CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA

Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, was named in honor of the Marshal de Castries, French colonial minister of the day. It is one of the most important coaling stations in the West Indies

PEDDLERS OF GUADELOUPE

The negro women of Guadeloupe ride out on the lighters to the steamers to sell their stock of perfumes and liquors imported from France

A ROAD IN BARBADOS

Barbadian roads are excellent and the delight of motorists

ROYAL PALMS IN PALL MALL SQUARE, BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITTS

This square is the prettiest feature of the town, with its graceful fountain and majestic royal palms

AN ARCADE IN FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

Suggestive of a Spanish town, the arcades in the vicinity of the market are like those of some Cuban or Porto Rican city

HAVANA, OLD AND NEW

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE LEGENDS
BY SHERRIL SCHELL

VIEW OF HAVANA FROM CASA BLANCA

This is an unusual view of Havana from Casa Blanca, a suburb reached by ferry from the old city. The district shown is the one containing the most ancient monuments: La Fuerza, the cathedral, the Franciscan convent, and El Templete. Casa Blanca is a fishing village, terraced on the steep hillside under La Cabaña

THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA

The cathedral, erected in the early part of the eighteenth century, was originally the church of the Jesuits. It is commonly known as the Columbus Cathedral, but its name is Cathedral of the Virgin of the Conception. Authorities say that here for more than a hundred years rested the remains of Christopher Columbus. Whether the coffin containing the bones received from San Domingo were or were not those of the great discoverer is still a question in active dispute. In 1898 they were removed to the Cathedral of Seville. Certain dignitaries of San Domingo claim that other bones that lie in their cathedral are the genuine

THE PLAZA DE ARMAS

Memorials of old Havana cluster around the Plaza de Armas, the oldest square in the city. In the background is shown the old Presidential Palace where Spain's captains-general and American governors of Cuba had their residence. The palace was the official residence of the President of Cuba until the new palace was built. The final act in the surrender of Spanish authority took place within these walls. Three years and five months later the flag of Cuba was hoisted and the republic proclaimed

CHURCH OF THE HOLY ANGELS

The Church of the Holy Angels has been likened by the irreverent to the porcupine, on account of its cluster of prickly spires. The church was founded in 1679. It was partially destroyed during the great hurricane of 1846, but has been completely restored

HAVANA'S FASHIONABLE DRIVEWAY

The Prado is Havana's favorite and most fashionable promenade and drive. The part of the Prado which lies between the Parque Central and the Malecon was originally the Calle de Prado, named after the famous Prado of Madrid, celebrated by Lope de Vega and other Spanish poets. The Prado was built during the rule of Governor Tacon, by convict labor; but it was greatly improved by the Americans, who laid the fine concrete walks. It always presents an animated scene, especially on Sunday afternoons, when it is crowded with multitudinous motor cars and a vivacious and smartly dressed throng

AN OLD ARCADE

The Havanese are a friendly and vivacious people, who believe in combining pleasure with business. Wherever one goes in the old city he finds a group of laughing, talkative men and women under the shadow of some old church or arcade. The servants who are sent out to do the marketing usually take the time to visit their friends of the fruit stalls along the way. The *manana* tradition is almost as strong with the *Cubanos* as it is with their kinsfolk in Spain

HAVANA IS A CITY OF COLONNADES

Its architecture has been determined by the climate. One can wander nearly everywhere in the old part without exposing oneself to rain or sun. The colonnades of the houses along the Prado are particularly beautiful, and for the most part are made of marble

EL TEMPLETE

This monument was dedicated in 1828, on the Spanish queen's birthday. It marks the site where the first mass was said in Havana, under the foliage of a ceiba (say-ba) tree. The place is a greatly venerated one and has been marked in some way since the earliest days. In 1747 a stone obelisk was erected as a permanent reminder. When the remains of Columbus were brought to Havana from San Domingo they were first placed under the historic tree before being transferred to the cathedral. The present tree is not the original ceiba but is said to be grown from a slip of it

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Old Havana is gradually disappearing before the ruthless march of progress. Many old buildings were demolished to make room for the new Presidential Palace, and more are to be torn down to make way for other governmental edifices. The new palace was designed by a Belgian architect. It is of the classic, Colonial, and French Renaissance style. It has a frontage of 175 feet, and encloses a patio 80 by 180 feet

LA FUERZA

Said to be the oldest inhabited building in the New World. It was built by Hernando de Soto when he was Governor of Cuba, and is the very oldest of Havana's fortifications. It was on one of its parapets that Doña Ysabel de Bobadilla waited and watched for four long weary years for De Soto's return, and it was here that she received the news of his death. La Fuerza was for many years the official residence of the governors and captains-general, among them Pedro Menéndez de Aviles, who founded St. Augustine

AN OLD GARDEN, HAVANA

There are many beautiful old gardens in Havana. Besides the native tropical plants, many trees and shrubs were brought over by the Spaniards as early as the sixteenth century. Flowers bloom the year around, filling the air with fragrance

AN OLD ARCH

Old Havana is unending in its charm. A well-known artist said: "Its very walls are stained with romance." There is much to remind one of Granada and Seville in the narrow streets, with their prison-like facades, arcades, and plazas

CHURCH OF SAN AUGUSTIN

The church of San Augustin is the oldest in Havana. It was built in the early part of the seventeenth century as a monastery. It is noted for its Stations of the Cross in twelve high-reliefs. The religious orders of Cuba were exceedingly rich, for they drew revenue from vast coffee and sugar plantations that had been bequeathed to them. These estates were confiscated long ago. The property of San Augustin was appropriated to the use of the state and the monks driven out of the church

STATUE OF COLUMBUS, OLD PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

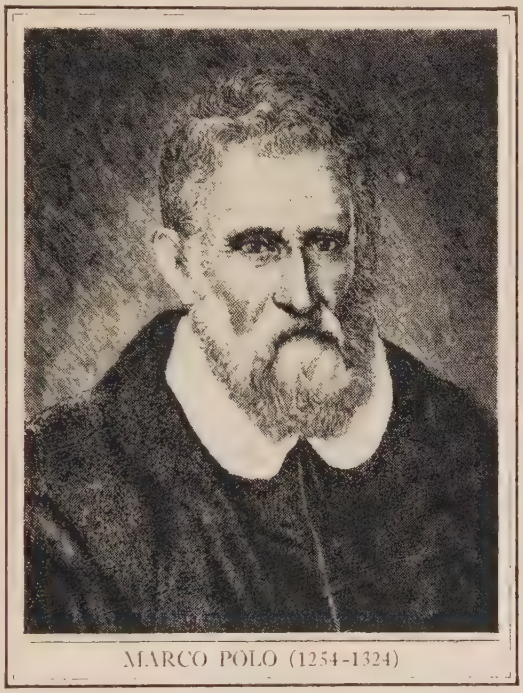
A fine statue of Columbus stands in the main patio of the old Palace of the Captains-General, directly in front of the entrance. The interior of the building is most dignified. It was partially remodeled by the Americans after the Spanish-American War. The transfer of government from that of the United States to Cuba, formally declared in a document signed by President Roosevelt and received by President Palma, was made in the main room of the palace

MARCO POLO, PATHFINDER OF ASIA

BY M. B. LEVICK

Just six hundred years ago Ser Marco Polo started on the longest of all his journeys and was laid to rest with the honors due a rich man of Venice. Even as he lay in his coffin there were some who regarded him as an old fraud. But Marco was no Munchausen. He had come back to Venice from unpenetrated China with trophies of a wonderful journey.

Twenty-four years he spent in strange lands, and for a good part of that time he was virtually a prisoner in golden chains in the court of one of the richest and most powerful monarchs the world had ever known — the Mongol, Kublai Khan.



MARCO POLO (1254-1324)

In Venice, men forgot the lad that had left, in his teens, to go adventuring—and he was given up for dead. A man of middle age returned, and made his townsmen gape or scoff with tales of the jeweled East and the marvels of a hundred Asian lands through which he had wandered, sometimes in tatters and sometimes as the envoy of a rich and mighty ruler. He had seen the tomb of Adam, had passed through the land of Gog and Magog. He had been told of the "roc," a bird that flies off with elephants in its claws. He had heard of men with heads like dogs, and had passed trees that prophesied. He brought word of valleys of diamonds guarded by monstrous serpents—such valleys as we know to-day only in the Arabian Nights. With all this, and more, he was no mere romancer. When he reported what he thought perhaps too strange, he said bluntly that he gave only hearsay. Some things that he told as truth stand forth now clearly as fables, yet they were believed in his day; other things that his contemporaries doubted have become commonplace facts in the course of these six centuries.

In his book Marco Polo says little of the dangers he faced from man, beast, and nature. Yet he had more courage than is common even in eager youth when, at seventeen, he set out for the unknown world. He trudged across the deserts and plains reaching out over an earth that folk then thought flat; marched into the heart of Asia, and came out on the other side.

In his own time men read his book for the amazement of it: for the stories of an oil that burned as it came out of the earth (the same oil that is the prize of to-day's economic struggles); for his tales of sorcerers who caused golden goblets to rise of their own accord to the lips of kings; and for the accounts of lions, and of the great dogs of Tibet, as big as donkeys, whose descendants menace wayfarers even now. It was a wonder book filled with pearls and pirates; of "ivory, apes, and peacocks." In a later day curious and daring men turned to this volume for its facts, and in it they found inspiration for the whole age of discovery. Marco Polo became the dominating influence of the explorers who later widened the margins of the world.

Century by century the story of discovery is the story of men seeking a sea path to the islands that Marco Polo described.

When the first manuscript of that account was put in circulation (it was before the day of printing) the eyes of the western world were turned on the East. From Asia had come the menace of conquest, and the Mongol Empire already ruled a vast portion of the earth. To the court of the Great Khan went Marco Polo; from off the high desert of central Asia he passed into the region of the rude Tangut tribe, who had made their chief, Genghis, the first khan, and thence, at the end of his eastward journey, Polo came to an Oriental court shining and magnificent.

It was the summer court at Shangtu, the Xanadu of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's famous poetic rhapsody "Kubla Khan."*

Marco Polo, who, on the long journey across central Asia, had grown from a lad of seventeen to a young man of twenty-one, emerged from the waste lands into a land of silk and music, ruled by a war lord who, with his outposts reaching to the Danube, saw in the furtherance of commerce the promise of a lasting empire. The Venetian found not the court of a bloody monster, as the Mongol khan was pictured in Europe, but a center of civilization in some respects superior to that which then prevailed in the capitals of Europe.

PORTRAIT OF KUBLAI KHAN
From a Chinese engraving

It was in the year 1275 that Marco Polo arrived at Shangtu, and within two years he was in favor as a court functionary. He advanced rapidly in the service which was, to some degree, an imprisonment for many years, for the khan was loath to let him go.

Marco Polo did not arrive alone and unheralded. He was the companion of his father and uncle, Nicolo and Maffeo. They were rich Venetian merchants who, some time before, being in Turkish territory, had joined an emissary of the grand khan and had visited the Eastern court. They were the first of the Latin race to be welcomed by the khan. In 1269, nine years after their departure, they came back to Acre (Syria), bearing tablets of gold as passports and also a letter in which the Buddhist khan urged the Pope, Clement IV, to send him a hundred clerics skilled in argument, that they might debate. This was the outcome of the Polo brothers' talk of their own religion while they were in a land of strange gods. "Come," said the khan; "bring men of your faith to debate with mine, and if you have the better of it, I will embrace your belief." He was a clever ruler; his true purpose being to establish relations that would lead to commerce and prosperity.

At any rate, the elder Polos returned with the invitation and found the Pope dead. They waited two years before a successor was named, and then the best they could get was not a hundred clerics but two friars, and the Polos were not far on the eastward road (young Marco with them) when the friars turned back.

When they came to the edge of Kublai's central empire, four years later, they were still forty days in the wilderness when emissaries of the khan ran to welcome them. The

"WITH WALLS AND TOWERS GIRDLED ROUND"
Such were the formidable protective barriers that assured the privacy of the Mongol emperor of Marco Polo's time

* An account of this extraordinary poem will be found on page 48

court had got word of their approach from runners, who furnished the system of communication in the Far East.

Young Marco became a favorite of the khan, who was then a man of sixty or so, and who could appreciate daring and forthrightness. By the time the young visitor had picked up a few dialects and four written languages he was started on a career which held him in the emperor's dominions for seventeen years.

During his long service he traveled through many parts of China: in the south and also in the north, which he speaks of as Cathay.

He performed great exploits, achieved high honors, and held positions of trust and power. He learned of islands eastward in the sea, called "Zipangu": in Japan to-day there still stands the building with the roof of gold which aroused Kublai Khan's desire for conquest and caused him to send a force of 30,000 men, who were lost in a storm. That was before Polo's time. Marco heard also of a feather seventy feet long, sent to the khan: it was the feather of the roc. But he does not say he saw either the bird or the feather: he states the report in a take-it-or-leave-it way, merely as a report. Indeed, he disposed of more than one fairy tale in his book. He wrote that the pygmies brought home by others from India were in reality dried Javan monkeys: "you see it is all a cheat," he says. Yet he relates with calm assurance the most unbelievable accounts of the magic of sorcerers.

Marco Polo's name is associated most closely with China, of all the lands he described, but it was only one of many. Burma, Siam, India; the islands Sumatra and Java and Ceylon: these are in Polo's domain, and one may see to-day much that he saw.

An Arabian Nights flavor followed him everywhere. Three centuries after his death an editor, Ramusio, gave this story of his return. When Polo and his father and uncle arrived at the house of their family in Venice no one knew them. They gave a feast, and these men who had come home in rags now wore a king's clothes—and, between courses, they cut up their robes and donned new. At last they brought their road-soiled rags and cut the hems: out spilled a *fortune in gems*. Then Marco began his tale of the khan's court, telling of a wealth so great that he earned for himself a nickname: "Millions." Even in official records he is so designated, and the court where the Polos' house stood is still known as the "Court of Millions."

Shortly after Marco came home his city and Genoa were at war. He took arms in a galley that carried the Polo flag, was taken prisoner, and before he was freed dictated his book. A fellow prisoner took it down in bad French. There exist sixteen manuscript copies in French, Latin, and Italian.

In 1324 Marco made his will, and died soon after. When he was dying, friends urged him to repent of all the lies in his book, but he insisted to the last that they were not lies.

THE GREAT KHAN DELIVERING THE GOLDEN TABLET TO THE POLO BROTHERS

THE STORY OF THE POEM "KUBLA KHAN"

BY J. PENNINGTON

All that the famous traveler Marco Polo saw on his travels he set down as the diary of a cool observer. But he was moved to enthusiastic expression by the glories and wonders of the palace of Kublai* Khan. The glow of his enthusiasm persisted for five centuries and then burst into the flame of Coleridge's glorious rhapsody "Kubla Khan." The story of the writing of the poem is as extraordinary as the subject.

In 1798, when Samuel Taylor Coleridge was about twenty-six years of age, he went to live at Stowey, in Somerset. The poet had a disagreement with one of his friends and retired to a farmhouse at some distance from Stowey to recover his peace of mind. Feeling wretchedly depressed, Coleridge took an "anodyne," as he tells us—probably opium—and seated himself in an armchair with a book. This book was Samuel Purchas' "His Pilgrimage," in which was an account of Marco Polo's sojourn at the court of the great khan and his description of the khan's palace. Soon the poet was asleep from the effects of the opiate. While he slept he composed from two to three hundred lines of verse based on a vision or dream—a "series of images"—inspired by what he had been reading. Immediately upon awakening he began to set down on paper the immortal lines of "Kubla Khan." At the end of the fifty-fourth line he was called from the room and detained for over an hour. Upon his return he was chagrined to find that he was unable to recall the rest of the poem. Although he always thought of completing it, it remains unfinished to this day.

COLERIDGE'S HOUSE IN STOWEY
Where he lived in 1798 when he wrote "Kubla Khan." The house still stands and has been taken over by the British Government as a monument to the poet

When Charles Lamb heard the poet intone it, he praised its exquisite melody but tried to dissuade the poet from publishing it. He thought it too ethereal to be captured in cold type; he feared that its beauty would dissolve on the printed page just as Coleridge's vision had dissolved upon his return to everyday life.

It is interesting to compare Marco Polo's description of Kublai Khan's palace as set forth in the quaint prose of Samuel Purchas with Coleridge's opening lines. Purchas' text begins:

In Xaindar did Cublai Can build a stately palace, encompassing sixteen miles of plaine ground with a wall wherein are fertile meddowes, pleasant springs, delightful streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the middest thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure.

The opening lines of the poem are:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

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Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

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The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

*The name of the emperor is usually spelt Kublai; the poem gives it as Kubla.

POCAHONTAS AND WHAT BEFELL HER

BY J. PENNINGTON

A movement has been on foot to discover the burial place of Pocahontas in the little town of Gravesend, England. If found, the intention was to bring the remains to America and erect a suitable mausoleum here. This statement will puzzle some readers, for, they will ask, what was America's favorite Indian heroine doing in England, and how came she to die there? The story learned at school usually ended with the rescue of Captain John Smith by the Indian maiden, and yet the incidents of her life after this episode were even more significant and picturesque than those that preceded it. When Pocahontas threw herself between the English captain and the upraised clubs of her father's braves, she was about thirteen years of age; and, although she lived to be only twenty-two, the nine succeeding years were crowded with adventure.

Pocahontas' real name was Matoaka. Her father, Powhatan, was the chief of all the Indian tribes in the eastern part of America—an early American emperor of a kind—so Matoaka was a princess; and in the records of that time she is usually alluded to as "one of royal blood." Old Chief Powhatan, who adored his daughter, affectionately nicknamed her Pocahontas, meaning "little hoyden." Early records of the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, tell how the little naked savage romped into the fort and taught fair-haired children of English birth the art of turning cart wheels and handsprings.

A ROYAL AMERICAN

Pocahontas in court costume, after the original painting from which Simon Van Pass made his engraving. This portrait by an unknown artist is in the possession of the Edwin family at Boston Hall, Norfolk, England

While Captain John Smith, an enterprising colonist, was on a journey of exploration up the James River, in 1607, he was attacked, and, although he fought for his life and even resorted to a ruse worthy of his red-skinned foes, he was captured and brought before Powhatan. The chief left the white man in doubt of his fate for several weeks, but at last the valiant captain realized his end was near. He relates in his own writings that Pocahontas saved his life by throwing herself upon him just as the clubs of his executioners were about to descend on his head. Whether or not the incident really occurred no one knows to-day, since Captain Smith, in the words of his biographer, was "alone the herald to publish and proclaim it," and since even he did not allude to the occurrence until some years later, when Pocahontas was a reigning sensation in London. At any rate, the little princess did again and again save the settlement of white men from starvation and attack, and her mediation between the colonists and the Indians actually made possible the continuation of the settlement at Jamestown.

Pocahontas' efforts to keep peace were somewhat slackened after Captain Smith left the colony and went off adventuring in foreign lands. She became the bride of one of her father's aides, and while living with a native band was captured by Captain Samuel Argall. It was his plan to hold her for ransom, but the parleying with Powhatan lasted so long that Pocahontas settled down in the white men's community and lived happily with her cap-

tors, who taught her to speak English and initiated her into the principles of Christianity. Incidentally, Pocahontas was the first native to become a Christian convert. Among those that took an interest in her was John Rolfe, a widower, and the pair became so much attached that they decided to marry.

Powhatan was delighted at the prospect of his daughter's union with a white man, and from the time of the marriage peace reigned between the two races. The wedding took place in a church in Jamestown when Pocahontas was nineteen. She was baptized first, and given the name of Rebecca—a prosaic choice for the erstwhile tomboy!

A son was born to the Englishman and the beautiful Indian girl, and when the baby was about a year old John Rolfe decided to take his wife and child overseas to his home. The arrival of "the Lady Rebecca" in London made a tremendous stir. The Bishop of London entertained her, and she was presented to the king and queen. The king, James I, "the ever-jealous royal dunce," envied the attentions and honors heaped upon the brown-skinned princess, and tried to make trouble for the honest Rolfe by pretending that he had no right, as a commoner, to take a royal bride without permission from his sovereign. It was also hinted that James I feared that their son might inherit from Powhatan "the Kingdom of America."

With Pocahontas, Powhatan had sent one of his braves to act as a bodyguard. The chief gave him a big stick, and, wanting to get some idea of the number of people in England, bade him make a notch in it for each Englishman he saw. The savage had not been long in England when he threw his stick away in despair. On his return, when asked for an accounting, he replied: "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the seashore; for such is the number of people in England."

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, GRAVESEND
Under the shadow of its tower sleeps Pocahontas Rolfe, who died in 1617

When Captain John Smith, who had been reported dead, returned from one of his mysterious voyages, he found all England ablaze with excitement over the Princess Pocahontas. Balls were being given for her, crowds followed her about, inns were named in her honor "*La Belle Sauvage*." Captain Smith visited her at Brentford, but the shock of seeing him alive was so great that she scarcely could speak for some hours. "They did tell me always you were dead," she murmured; "and I knew no other till I came from Plymouth. . . . Your countrymen will lie so much." It was at this time that Captain John Smith addressed to the queen a letter in which he told the story of his rescue by Pocahontas, and of her many good deeds on behalf of the colony. Some say that this letter of the versatile captain does not prove the authenticity of his rescue at the hands of the Indian girl, because of his well-known weakness for embroidering and expanding any story in which he figured.

Said one commentator of the times, "The valor of his deeds was somewhat diminished, since he himself is the only one to publish and proclaim them."

Captain John Smith was an adventurer, author, map maker, soldier, explorer, and a romancer as well. "He rang like brass, without doubt, but had a touch of gold within." Though he may have elaborated some of his recitals of adventure, that he was honest, hard-headed, and brave no one doubts.

The attempt to weave a romance about Pocahontas and Captain John Smith is not well substantiated. At the time of their meeting Pocahontas was thirteen and he twenty-nine; and when she saw him in London she addressed him as father.

When John Rolfe decided to return to Virginia, he set out with his wife alone, leaving their son Thomas in care of Sir Lewis Stewkley. But when they reached Gravesend and embarked on the boat that was to carry them to America, Pocahontas fell ill (of the smallpox, it is believed), died, and was buried there. The parish register contains the following entry:

1616 May Rebecca Wrolfe, wyff of Thomas Wrolfe, gent. A Virginia lady borne, here was buried in ye chauncell.

MEMORIAL TO AN AMERICAN PRINCESS

A stained-glass window in the church near the spot where Pocahontas was buried at Gravesend, presented by the Society of Colonial Dames of Virginia in 1914. An American battleship was dispatched to Gravesend for the unveiling ceremonies. The design shows Rebecca holding a pitcher. Rebecca was the name under which Pocahontas was baptized into the Christian church in 1613. The lower panel shows the baptism of the princess at the church in the colony of Delaware. According to the Gravesend parish register, Pocahontas was buried in the churchyard in 1616. The original church burned to the ground in the eighteenth century

In spite of the error in the Christian name of the husband and the spelling of Rolfe, there is no doubt that this is Pocahontas' record of death.

Early in the next century the church was burned down; when it was restored, a memorial tablet was erected to the dusky American princess.

Just before the World War, two stained-glass windows were presented to the church by the Society of Colonial Dames of Virginia.

Rolfe returned to America, married again, and, curiously enough, became secretary and recorder general under the Deputy Governor Argall—the same Argall who earlier had betrayed Pocahontas into the hands of the colonists.

Her son, Thomas, also came back to Virginia eventually, and his daughter married a Virginian by the name of Bolling.

It is from Pocahontas' grandchild that the wife of ex-President Wilson is descended.

Surely no one ever had a more varied and dramatic existence than Pocahontas: childish emissary and savior, captive in an enemy's camp, twice a bride, mother of a son, fêted darling of a dazzled court—all this before she died of a fell disease at the age of twenty-two.

SABATINI IS MAKING HISTORY LIVE AGAIN

BY GENE BERTON

One making the tour of the West Indies can find no better traveling companion than Rafael Sabatini. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that a copy of "Captain Blood," that gorgeous yarn in which the buccaneers live again, is an indispensable part of the baggage to be carried along for the journey. With Sabatini the romance of history revives. In his books once again the Borgias scheme on the banks of the Tiber, the pirates of Barbary sweep out from Algiers in their galleys to ravage the coasts of Christian Europe, the fury of the French Revolution rages, Wellington sets his trap in Portugal for the marshals of Napoleon, the Great Plague sears London while rapier rings against rapier. Sabatini is the man who is making history live again.

RAFAEL SABATINI

About once in every quarter of a century the world reaches to high romance in fiction. In the closing years of the nineteenth century along came Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and following it a wave that carried the Ruritania of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" and the Graustark of George Barr McCutcheon's several stories to world-wide popularity. After that the pendulum swung again; back to realism and the story of everyday life, till it reached the end of Main Street and the House of Babbitt. Now once more the pendulum swings to high romance—and we have Sabatini. This man, who is making such splendid use of history as a background for fiction, began to write as a formal historian. He found history so interesting, so rich in color, that he turned to fiction as a better vehicle for expression. Every one of his novels has been the outgrowth of particular studies made of some period or some great historical character. For example, he wrote a life of Torquemada, the most sinister figure of the Spanish Inquisition, and much of the material gathered for that work subsequently went into the making of "The Sea Hawk." He projected a work about the buccaneers of the Spanish Main that was to supplement the narrative of the Dutchman Esquemeling. It is to that labor that readers mainly owe "Captain Blood." It was Sabatini's wide reading in the literature of the French Revolution that equipped him for writing the amazing story of the adventures of "Scaramouche," and it was his study of the period of Charles II, the "Merry Monarch" of England, that produced "Fortune's Fool."

Who is Rafael Sabatini, who has brought about this striking revival of romance? An Italian by birth, an Englishman by naturalization, he is writing in an adopted language. His father was the Maestro-Cavalier Vincenzo Sabatini, who married an Englishwoman who had lived since her earliest years in Italy and finally became more fluent in Italian than in her native tongue. Rafael was born in Jesi, a little city of the Italian Marches, a town which wears even to-day its aspect of the Middle Ages. Accident determined the choice of a working language for Rafael Sabatini. At the age of eighteen he spoke and wrote five languages with almost equal fluency, and possessed only the foundation of the sixth language, which happened to be English. Actually his first steps in literature were taken in French. That was when he was sixteen and at school in Zug, Switzerland. He was one of the two editors of the school magazine, which was printed in French, although the official language of the canton was German.

His school days in Switzerland over, Rafael Sabatini went to the academy at Oporto, Portugal, and from there was sent to Eng-

land to embark upon a commercial career. His linguistic attainments were thought to constitute a splendid foundation for commercial life. For some years he toiled diligently at the uncongenial desk. But it was the old story. The urge to write was strong in him. The hours he could take from the daily task were devoted to writing. Even the limited success he enjoyed in his first years of creative work came slowly and was won only by hard labor. He sold an occasional story to a magazine. Finally a publisher commissioned him to write a book. That was "The Loves of Yvonne" published in 1902.

From that day he devoted himself entirely to literature, though his business training was an asset in the years from 1913 to 1918, when he was a director of the London publishing house of Martin Secker. There was other work done in these years. The British War Office called him to its service, making use of his extraordinary knowledge of languages.

In the meantime he had become a thorough Englishman, had married an English wife (there are now a son and a daughter in their teens), and, year after year, had been turning out his romances of the past, refusing to yield to the attempted persuasions of those who tried to convince him that "the day of the historical novel was past." To us those stirring romances come as if written to-day. Actually many of them were written long ago; "Bardelys the Magnificent," for example, in 1906; "Mistress Wilding" and "The Strolling Saint" in 1910. There was a limited circle of discriminating readers that appraised Sabatini at nearly his real worth; but general popularity seemed as remote as when he was a boy in his native Jesi. Even "The Sea Hawk," published in 1915, failed to stir more than a ripple. But then the war was on.

For almost twenty years after the publication of "The Loves of Yvonne," in 1902, Sabatini waited to hear the voice of popular acclamation. It came with the appearance in 1921 of "Scaramouche." Yet even that book, according to a generally accepted story, was declined by seven publishers before the eighth house to which it was offered recognized its quality.

But when success came to Rafael Sabatini it was no half-way success. Like Lord Byron, he awoke in the morning to find himself famous. It would be strange indeed if "Scaramouche" were not, as it is, his own favorite among all his novels. "Scaramouche was my Columbus," he has said. "He discovered America for me." To readers by the tens of thousands "Scaramouche" pointed the way to "The Sea Hawk;" to "The Snare;" to all the rest.

SABATINI WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN IN SWITZERLAND

HEROIC DEATH OF MAGELLAN

Recalled by Recent Discovery

BY IRVING A. LEONARD

A major in the United States Army, on duty in the Philippine Islands, reports the finding, four hundred years after Magellan's death, of the navigator's brass helmet. There is good reason to believe that Magellan was wearing this helmet when he met his death in April, 1521, at the north end of Mactan Island.

While Europe was ringing with the praises of Christopher Columbus and Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese adventurer, Ferdinand Magellan, started out with a fleet of five vessels to try to find a new sea route to the Spice Islands of the Pacific. Sailing through the straits that now bear his name, the navigator reached the central group of the Philippine Archipelago after a voyage of peril and privation lasting nearly two years. Friendly relations were established with the reigning chieftain, but a chief on the neighboring island of Mactan refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the King of Spain, as demanded by Magellan. Accordingly, it became the duty of the king's emissary to send a punitive expedition.

WHERE MAGELLAN WAS SLAIN—A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO

Here Magellan and sixty of his men waded through the shallow water to the tropical, palm-lined beach. The monument marks the location of the engagement between the explorers and the natives

Early on the morning of April 28th, Magellan, accompanied by sixty of his own men and numerous natives of Cebu, crossed the narrow strait that separated the ancient Filipino city from Mactan, and entered a tiny cove with palm-fringed beach. On this spot there stand to-day tall cocoanut trees and a cluster of nipa shacks inhabited by sparsely clad natives. So the scene must have appeared to Magellan on that April morning, for the centuries leave little impress on spots like this, far from the beaten highways of the world.

The cove was shallow and the small boats were unable to land. Two divisions led by Magellan waded to the beach, where they were confronted by a formidable array of savages. In panic the followers of Magellan, faced by a gesticulating horde of warriors brandishing spears and sharp sticks, discharged their crossbows and muskets wildly. To distract the attention of the opposing natives the leader ordered the village to be fired. The furious natives pressed more closely upon the invaders. After a prolonged and bitter struggle Magellan received a wound that caused him to drop forward on his hands and knees. At once the islanders fell upon him and killed him. To-day, only a neglected monument marks the scene of the dramatic episode that ended Magellan's career.

A Spanish officer named Del Cano assumed the leadership of the expedition and continued the journey around the world, arriving at Seville September 9, 1522, in the "Victoria," the only one of the five vessels to complete the voyage. Of a crew originally numbering two hundred and eighty about forty returned.

Though Magellan did not live to complete this particular voyage, he did accomplish the circumnavigation of the globe, having sailed at another time part way around to the eastward. He was the first European to captain an expedition across the Pacific Ocean.

Memorials of the hero discoverer being rare, special interest is attached to the splendidly preserved helmet which has fallen into the hands of Major Selton. He reports having carefully inquired as to the authenticity of the relic, which was sold to him by natives whose testimony is well substantiated in the district where the helmet was discovered and for centuries carefully preserved. "The tooling is sharp and distinct, and the thin brass harp used to fasten it is still intact. The helmet is of graceful lines, and gives one the impression that the doughty old warrior was somewhat of a dandy." It is said that it shows but little effect of four hundred years in the moist climate of the Philippines.

A WEST INDIAN "EMPEROR JONES"

BY SHERRIL SCHELL

Henri Christophe, born a slave, became an emperor. His native island was Grenada. When natives of Haiti, under the leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, rose against the French, Christophe escaped from his bondage and joined the revolutionists in that country. He became the trusted friend and adherent of L'Ouverture, and in a short while was appointed one of the leaders of the insurrection. In 1802 he distinguished himself in the defense of Cape Haiti. He swore allegiance to Dessalines, the leader who had arrogantly assumed the title of "Emperor of Haiti," and, while professing loyalty to that tyrant, plotted his ruin. He killed his leader and appropriated his position.

HENRI CHRISTOPHE

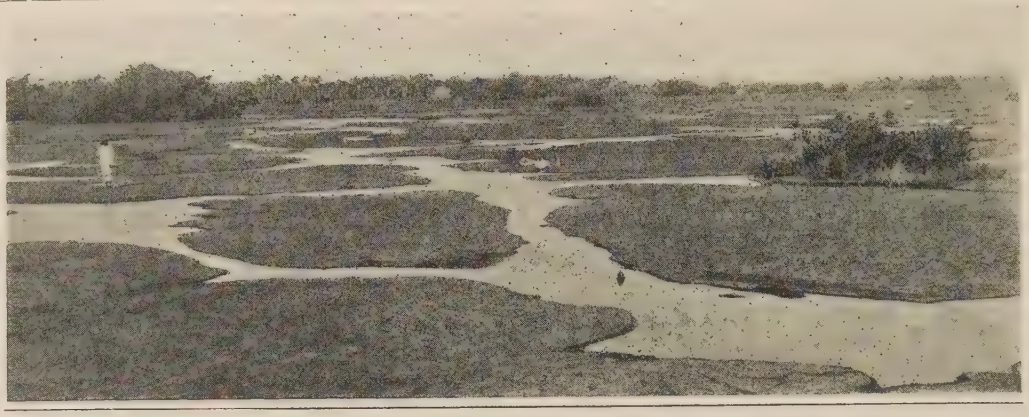
Black Tyrant of Haiti (1811–1820) presiding at the court-martial of a white prisoner. His character and career suggest that of the chief character in Eugene O'Neill's play "Emperor Jones"

Here was a personality of no common order, dominant and magnetic, able in military affairs, and shrewd and cunning in diplomacy. On the other hand, he was vain, ostentatious, and of violent and cruel temper. He was tall and powerfully built, and had an expressive and intelligent countenance.

No sooner had he seized power than he surrounded himself with magnificence. One of the most remarkable buildings in the West Indies (now a ruin) was the palace he caused to be built about twelve miles from Cape Français. "Sans Souci" (without care) was situated on the top of a high mountain. The interior was sumptuously furnished with mirrors, tapestries, paintings, and ornaments brought over from Europe. The furnishings of his own private apartments were particularly luxurious, with floors of mahogany or marble. His gardens were laid out with judgment and good taste, and here he would wander, accompanied by his bodyguard, and proudly scan the broad acres of his tropic realm, while his band would play martial airs or French opera selections.

He had a grand almoner who was also the Archbishop of Haiti, a grand cupbearer, a grand marshal and a marshal of the royal palaces, ten governors of palaces, ten governors of castles, sixteen chamberlains and a grand chamberlain, five secretaries and a librarian, twelve knights, fifteen pages, seven grand huntsmen, a grand master of ceremonies, seven professors of the arts and sciences, together with a great number of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries.

As long as he kept his splendid health Christophe maintained his authority, but one day while attending mass he fell to the floor, stricken with paralysis. The news spread quickly throughout Haiti and was the signal for revolt among the natives, who had resented his tyrannical rule. In one of the inner apartments of Sans Souci, Christophe tried one fantastic treatment after another. After undergoing a vigorous rub-down with a mixture of rum and red pepper, he attempted to mount his horse in order to arouse the devotion of his followers. His strength failed him entirely at this final effort, but so stubborn was his spirit that he ordered himself carried in a chair to the front of his palace, where he reviewed his bodyguard. Christophe had faith in the loyalty of these men, but no sooner were they out of his sight than they went over to the insurrectionists. When he heard their cries of "*Vive la Liberté*" and was told that they too had deserted him, he lost all hope. Summoning his wife and children, he bade them a tearful and affectionate farewell. Then he put on a white suit, seized a pistol, and shot himself.



ASPHALT LAKE, TRINIDAD Comprising one hundred acres of crude asphalt, which is shipped to the four corners of the world to be used in building motor highways

TRINIDAD—WHERE THE PAVEMENT BEGINS

BY FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

On a day in midsummer, Christopher Columbus, then on his third voyage of discovery, sighted the Island of Trinidad in the West Indies. Amid great rejoicing and under a brightly shining sun, he raised the red and yellow banner of Spain and took formal possession in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

Columbus believed that he had found a new continent, but in reality it was just another island, an island, however, with a most curious natural feature. A mile from the shore a great pitch lake was discovered, future source of endless miles of asphalt pavements.

How the asphalt got there has always been a mystery. The Carib Indians who inhabited the island when Columbus landed told a weird tale. Enemies had destroyed sacred humming birds which abounded in Trinidad and on account of this act the Indians believed the Great Spirit had caused a seething, molten lake of pitch to be formed in which the invaders were destroyed.

Science gives a more practical explanation, asserting that the asphalt was formed by wells of petroleum far beneath the surface which were slowly forced upward by the natural gas and volcanic action. By this process the oil was mixed with a very fine clay and, in time, as the material cooled, a substance called asphalt was created.

The lake, bedded in the crater of an extinct volcano, and of unknown depth, covers a nearly circular area of 114 acres. It looks like a large, round pond gone dry, with here and there rivulets of water and patches of green vegetation. The asphalt itself, blackish-brown in color, has been compared to the skin of an elephant, and the irregular creases to the folds in the hide.

Stepping upon the surface of the lake gives one the feeling of walking on velvet. Donkeys resting in the heat of the sun half an hour or so will often sink to their hocks.

A narrow-gauge railroad is laid across the lake on bamboo ties, on which small cars are run to the edge of the lake and there emptied into big buckets that are carried by a cableway to the shore. As the asphalt has a constant creeping motion, caused by the gas underneath, the rails have to be aligned almost daily.

And here is another mystery: The asphalt is dug out of the lake and loaded in chunks into the cars. The next morning the excavation is filled up again! The place may appear a little rough, but it is approximately level with the rest of the lake. This, it has been determined, is caused by the entire mass of asphalt settling. There is no such thing as "new" asphalt, it having taken centuries to form and cool.

Millions of tons of asphalt have been taken from the Trinidad lake and sent to almost every part of the world, where it is used for paving and other purposes, but there seems to be an inexhaustible supply.

For more than three hundred years the Island of Trinidad remained a Spanish possession. In the year 1797, however, it was captured by a British fleet, and since that time has been one of the most important and prosperous West Indian colonies of Great Britain.

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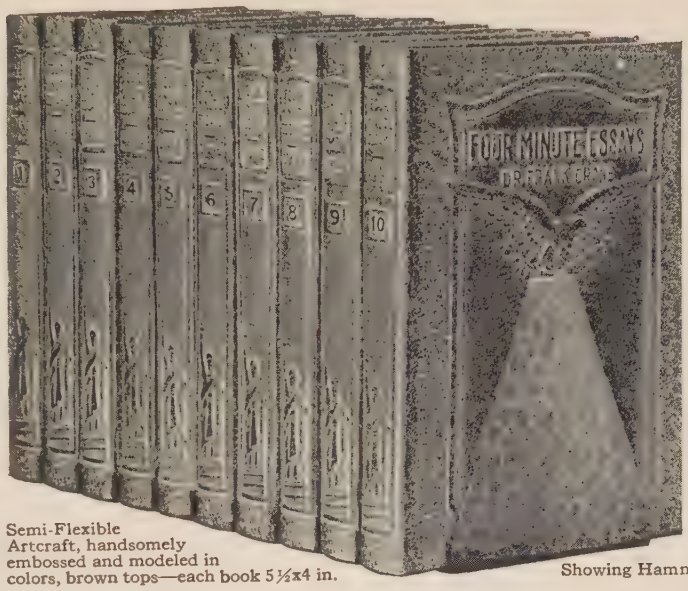

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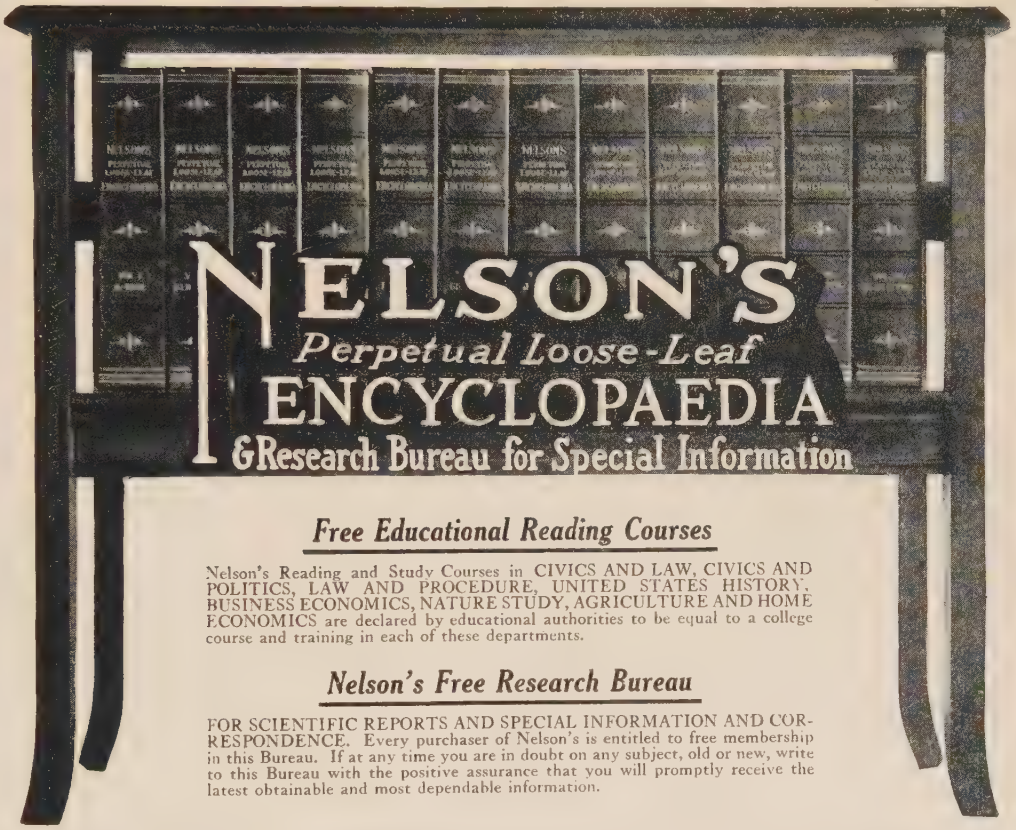

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You've come from Algiers—Cannes-in-Africa—the gayest, most cosmopolitan city in the world. You're going to Laghouat, green island in the Sahara sands—to El-Goléah, where the sun, the moon and the stars wheel forever over a solitary well . . . . You'll see the Roman ruins, the place where Carthage stood, catacombs, the Arabian Nights come to life . . . . You're going back as far as Abraham—in a motor car!

How? By letting the French Line take you from New York to Paris in six days, from Marseilles to Algiers in twenty-six hours, all down the North African Coast by motor car for three or four gorgeous weeks . . . .

Write for brochure, "Across North Africa," by Rosita Forbes

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Ten Mistakes *in* English

Thousands of persons will make ten mistakes in the simple test shown at the right. Try it yourself.

How many will YOU make?

HERE is a simple test of your ability to speak and write English correctly. In the panel at the right you will find thirty simple points of English that come up every day. Yet the average man or woman will make TEN mistakes! Test yourself now. Then compare your answers with those shown in the panel below and see actually just where you stand in your knowledge of English.

Here is the Test

Check the form you believe correct. Then compare with the correct answers in panel below.

1. Would You Write—

Between you and **I**	or	Between you and **me**
I did it already	or	**I have done** it already
Who shall I call	or	**Whom** shall I call
It's just **as** I said	or	It's just **like** I said
The river has **overflowed** its banks	or	The river has **overflown** its banks
I would like to go	or	**I should** like to go
I laid down to rest	or	**I lay** down to rest
Divide it **among** the three	or	Divide it **between** the three
The wind blows **cold**	or	The wind blows **coldly**
You will **find only** one	or	You will **only find** one

2. How Do You Say—

evening	**ev**-en-ing	or	**eve**-ning
ascertain	as-cer-**tain**	or	**as**-cer-tain
hospitable	**hos**-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-**pit**-able
abdomen	**ab**-do-men	or	ab-**do**-men
mayoralty	**may**-or-al-ty	or	may-**or**-al-ty
amenable	a-**me**-na-ble	or	a-**men**-able
acclimate	**ac**-cli-mate	or	ac-**cli**-mate
profound	**pro**-found	or	pro-**found**
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-**shee**-ary	or	ben-e-**fish**-a-ry
culinary	**cul**-i-na-ry	or	**cu**-li-na-ry

3. Do You Spell It—

supercede	or	supersede	repetition	or	repitition
receive	or	recieve	separate	or	seperate
repreive	or	reprieve	acomodate	or	accommodate
donkeys	or	donkies	trafficing	or	trafficking
factories	or	factorys	acsesible	or	accessible

Sherwin Cody's New Invention

The 100% *Self-Correcting Device*

Why are so many persons deficient in the use of English? Sherwin Cody discovered the reason through scientific tests which he personally gave to tens of thousands of people. Most persons do not write and speak good English, simply because they never formed the *habit* of doing so! Good English can be made a habit—and like all habits it can be made so instinctive that you will use flawless language at all times.

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating the instinctive use of good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method which actually finds and corrects your mistakes in English and by which you can quickly acquire a real command of English in only 15 minutes a day.

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One of the most striking features of Mr. Cody's method is the speed with which his habit-forming instructions can be carried out. You write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. There is no drudgery, no tiresome studying of rules. Mr. Cody's method is as fascinating as playing a game. You concentrate on *your own* mistakes and *your mistakes only*, until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

ANSWERS

1.
Between you and me
I have done it already
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
The river has overflowed its banks
I should like to go
I lay down to rest
Divide it among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2.
eve-ning
as-cer-**tain**
hos-pi-ta-ble
ab-**do**-men
may-or-al-ty
a-**me**-na-ble
ac-**cli**-mate
pro-found
ben-e-**fish**-a-ry
cu-li-na-ry

3.
supersede
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
accessible

Your English Reveals You

Every time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English cause others to judge you as a person lacking in education and refinement. Lack of language power prevents you from presenting your thoughts in the strongest possible way. In business and in social life faulty English is an almost insurmountable handicap. No one can afford to make mistakes in spelling, punctuation, or grammar.

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Is White Civilization a Broken Thing?

THIS question with all its amazing possibilities confronts us today. It is the keynote of a sensational book just published —*These Eventful Years.*

Eighty of the greatest scientists, statesmen, writers and soldiers of our age have co-operated in making this book.

H. G. Wells in his contribution sees "the strong probability" of a setback that may last for generations. He predicts another world war between England and France, asserting that even now France is planning to use the African Negro to further her dream of Empire.

Mr. Wells' brilliant article in *These Eventful Years* has caused a sensation. And no less stimulating is the survey of contemporary history written by J. L. Garvin of The London Observer. Mr. Garvin does not hesitate to say, after a searching analysis, that white civilization appears today a broken thing. Then he points the way to a solution.

Men Who Made this Book

A Forecast of the Future *H. G. Wells*
Germany Never Defeated *Gen. Ludendorff*
Dynamic Italy *Ex-Premier Nitti*
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Psychical Research *Sir Oliver Lodge*
Propaganda *Bertrand Russell*
Social Unrest *Philip Snowden*
Decay of the Drama *St. John Ervine*
Hidden Recesses of the Mind *Sigmund Freud*
Big Business *Chas. M. Schwab*
Woman's Progress *Lady Rhondda*
Radium Discoveries *Mme. Curie*
Mistakes of the American Navy *Admiral Sims*

Other Contributors

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Greatest Modern Minds

The contemporary leaders in every field tell other phases of the fateful story of the age in which we live. They have a single object—to penetrate the mass of present-day prejudice and half truth in order that civilization may advance into a new era of order and progress.

Bertrand Russell exposes the sordid story of propaganda; Philip Snowden, Chancellor of The Exchequer, reveals the real aims of labor; Maximilian Harden tells of the degenerate carousals at the Kaiser's court and the amazing story of Germany's rise and fall and future chances; Michael Farbman discloses the secret of the "Unseen Trousers" that wrecked the Romanov dynasty.

Others of the 80 contributors to *These Eventful Years* are Sir Oliver Lodge, Sigmund Freud, Brand Whitlock, Henry Seidel Canby, Wellington Koo, General Ludendorff, Sir Horace Plunkett, Leon Bourgeois, Von Tirpitz, J. Arthur Thomson,
and 70 others.

Everybody is discussing this new book *These Eventful Years.* "Far outruns all reasonable expectations and should raise our thinking to a new and higher plane," says Professor James Harvey Robinson, author of "The Mind in the Making." "Noble editorial conception splendidly carried out," asserts Miss Ida M. Tarbell. Lloyd George, Dean Inge, Princess Bibesco, Viscount Leverhulme, Senator Glass and scores of others have likewise expressed their appreciation of this brilliant provocative book.

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The Book of the Century

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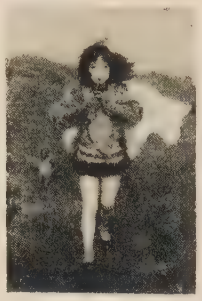

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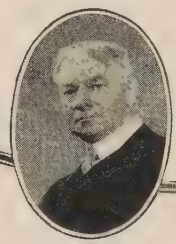

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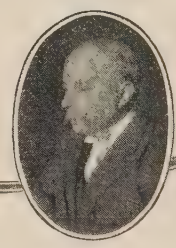

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The Story of a Great Movement that Compels the Interest of Forward Looking Men and Women

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Pelmanism develops individual (mark that) mentality to its highest power. It recognizes the interdependence of all mental faculties and trains them together. It corrects bad habits and emphasizes the importance of personality and character in the development of mental activity.

Pelmanism gives the mind a gymnasium to work in. It prescribes the training scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work.

The Art of "Get There"

Science is the knowledge of truth. Pelmanism, the science, teaches the art of "Getting there" quickly, surely, finely, not just for men, but for women.

Woman in the home as well as in business has her ambitions and her perplexities. Followed honestly, Pelmanism will help solve woman's problems and aid her to realize her ambitions.

America needs Pelmanism as much as England needed it. There are too many men who are "old at forty;" too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve;" too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

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Talk of quick and large salary increases suggests quackery, but in London, at Pelman House, I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacity from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is worth more money.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. After all life is for living. Money is merely an aid to that end. Money without capacity for enjoyment is worthless. Pelmanism makes for a richer, more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a complete personality. It does away with lopsided developments. It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the window of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away the stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression.

Your Unsuspected Self

How Pelmanism Brings the Hidden, Sleeping Qualities Into Full Development and Dynamic Action

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be?

Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities. That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. Resolve to be always the man you ought to be!

Clearing the Fog

The minds of many men are veiled by a fog of misunderstanding. They think in a circle, haphazardly—vaguely. They wander in the twilight of doubt. Pelmanism clears the fog. It changes doubt to certainty, misdirection to direction, guessing to knowledge.

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"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstance in their bearing on success—"stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.—all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Scientific Mind Training" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

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They came from the same sort of homes.

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The reason for the difference is just 15 minutes a day. Do you know the secret of these magic 15 minutes that can help a man to think clearly, talk interestingly, earn more? The secret is told in a free book; send for your copy to-day.

UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted largely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost *see* him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people—young and old, rich and poor—have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

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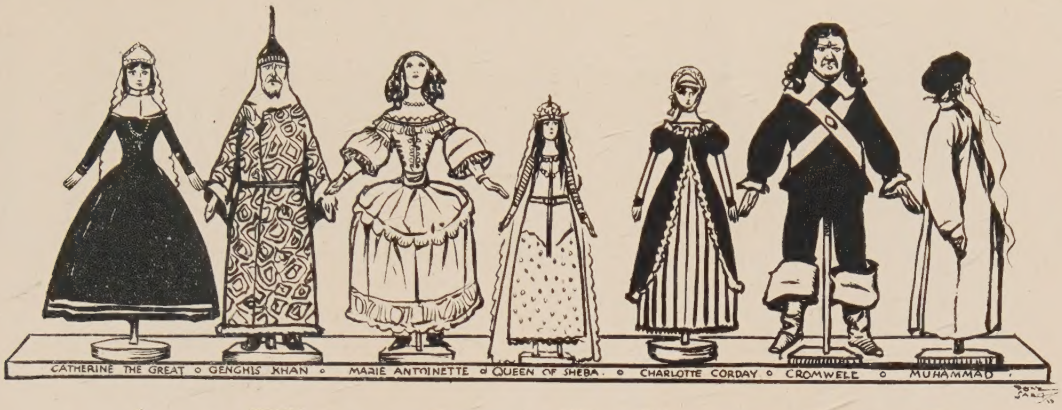

Are They Just Dolls to You?

Catherine the Great, Genghis Khan, Muhammad, Charlotte Corday, Cromwell—are they spiritless creatures of sawdust stored away in the attic of your mind?

Do you fully realize that the life-blood coursed gloriously through their veins? They lived recklessly: a bold word, an injudicious kiss, and the flame was snuffed out. They loved generously: through their passions empires trembled—were lost or gained. Some dreamed impossibilities: their world gasped—doubted—accepted—and then defended their dreams.

What was it that marked them for posterity, while their brothers and sisters sank into oblivion? To outward appearances these men and women were ordinary mortals, helpless as leaves in a wind. They did not make themselves great. They were shaped by their time—swept along by the tremendous forces of circumstance—brought to the surface, to greatness, by destiny.

Wells recognizes them as the helpless human beings they were. He fits them in where they belong. They are bright splotches of color in his swift-moving, dramatic story of mankind. He has caught the spirit that makes for greatness. The souls of these great personalities leap into life in

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Wells unifies the past. More—he reveals that thread of human progress which has forever bound man to man the world over and from one age to another.

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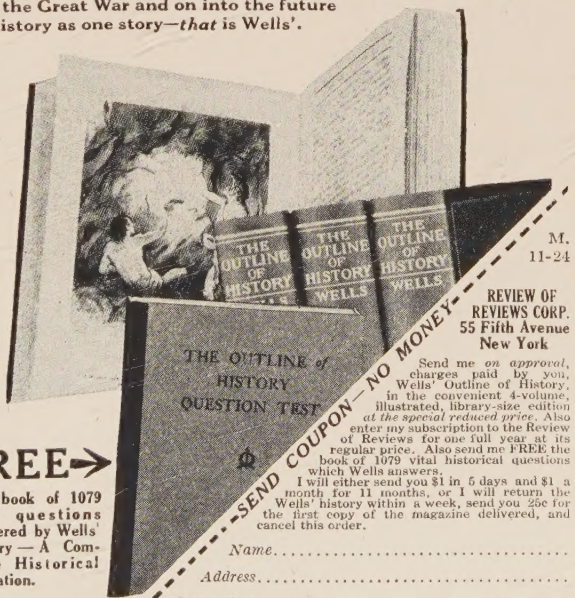

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THE MENTOR

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THE OPEN LETTER

ONE day, about a century ago, a sad-faced man of middle age called upon Dr. Abernethy, the famous London physician. The doctor listened to the man's story and noted his profound melancholy. "Medicine is not what you need," he said. "Get a good dose of happiness. Go see Grimaldi, the great clown, and laugh yourself out of your trouble." The man raised his brooding eyes to the doctor's face and shook his head. "I am Grimaldi," he said.

The story has been told of other clowns since Grimaldi's time—George L. Fox of "Humpty Dumpty" fame, in this country, figured in it. But if the incident actually happened more than once it is only the more significant. It means that, behind the jests and mirth-provoking antics of the clown, there is sometimes a background that is far from gay.

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Have you ever reflected on the subject of laughter? If so, you have, no doubt, found that the rôle of the clown in the drama of life was not, and is not, a frivolous one. In all ages of human history there have been clowns and jesters of high and low degree, and their jobs have been serious ones. The making and marketing of laughter is no easy occupation. The world demands a certain amount of mirth, and naturally funny men are few. So the furnishing of fun became, long ago, a practical and highly specialized profession.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "Whoever and wherever and however situated a man is, he must watch three things—sleeping, digestion, and laughing; they are three indispensable necessities." Henry Ward Beecher slept well, digested satisfactorily, and laughed easily. More than that, he had a wit and eloquence that drew from others the tribute of laughter as well as tears. There is little doubt that Beecher was right in his statement; and I think that, of his three necessities for human happiness, laughter is by no means the least. The clown and jester have, therefore, a real place in life's economy. They cannot be dismissed as unimportant.

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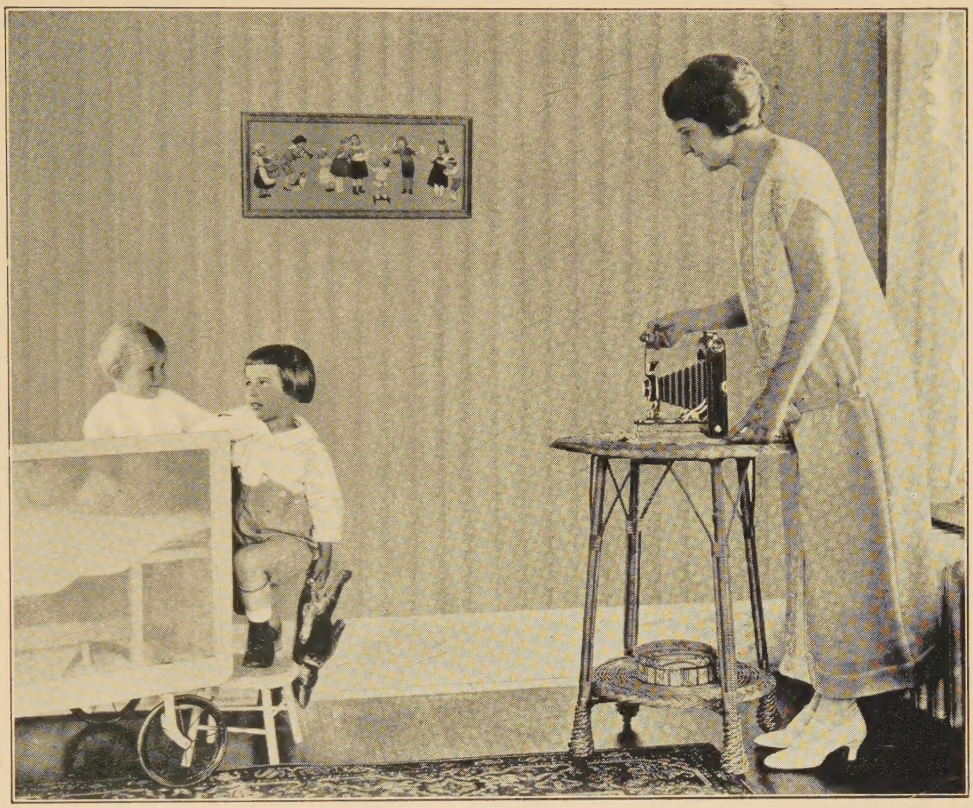
In view of this, we have an appropriate subject for a merry Christmas number in the story of the jester and clown as we find it in history, art, romance, and drama. Next month we shall give our readers a wealth of material in narrative and anecdote, and in interesting and beautiful pictures, describing and illustrating that perennial and universal Spirit of Mirth that has come to be known in various lands by the various names of Clown, Jester, Punchinello, Scaramouche, Tabarin, Pierrot, Pagliacci, and Punch and Judy. You may look forward to this Mentor with pleasant anticipation. You will find it to be a number altogether unusual in information and entertainment, and rich in illustrations drawn from many sources.

W. D. Moffat
Editor



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